

The TATLER

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NEWSPAPER FOR
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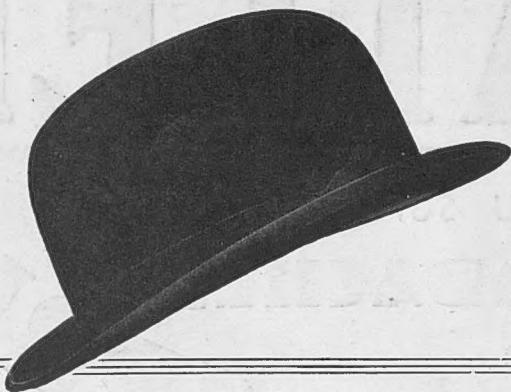
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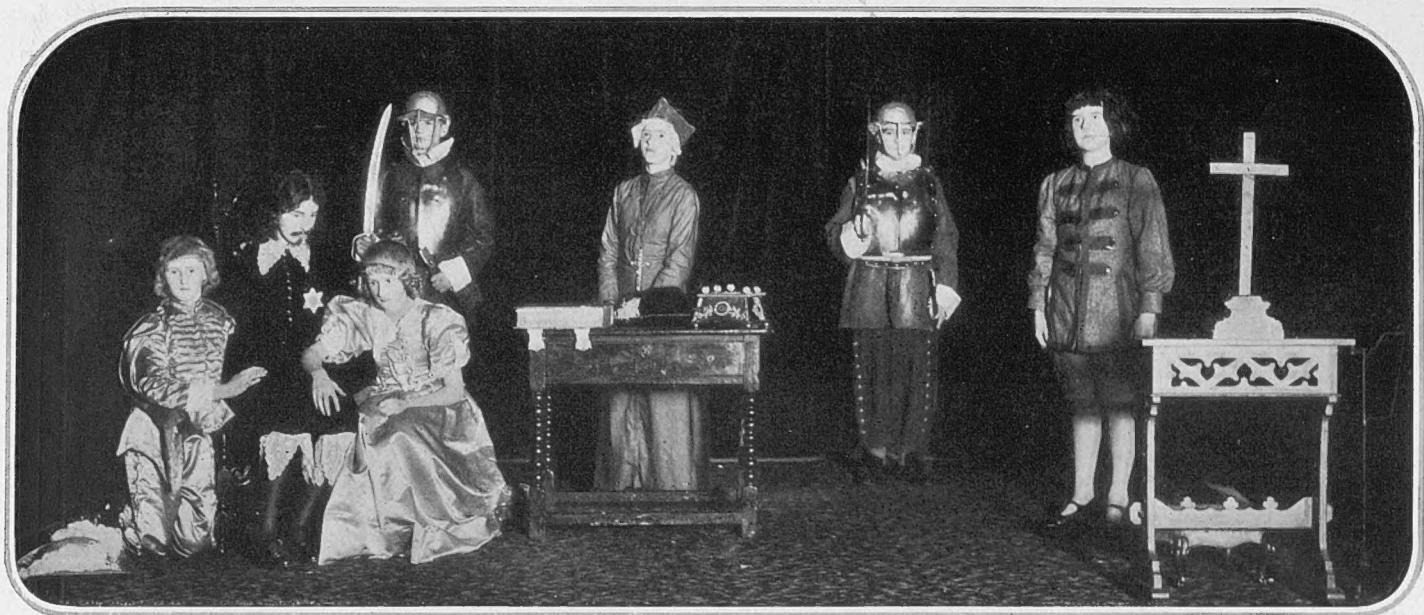


THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM

Yevonde, Victoria Street

The most recent portrait of the beautiful wife of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, who before her marriage in 1910 was Miss Margaretta Drexel and who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Joseph Drexel of Philadelphia, U.S.A. Lord Winchilsea was with Siege Guns in the War and afterwards was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Air Force. Lord and Lady Winchilsea have three children—the heir, Lord Maidstone, and two daughters, Lady Daphne and Lady Henrietta Finch-Hatton

THE LETTERS OF EVE



W. Dennis Moss

A CHARLES I PAGEANT AT MALMESBURY

One of the scenes in this pageant, which was held recently at the Town Hall, Malmesbury, in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society, and was very well carried out by this young cast of "actresses." The principal characters, reading from left to right, are: The Prince, afterwards Charles II (Lady Kathleen Eliot), Charles I (Lady Cecilia Wellesley), the Princess (Lady Rosemary Eliot), Bishop Juxon (Miss Constance Stanley), Herbert, Charles I's Servant (Miss Margaret Storey). Lady Kathleen and Lady Rosemary Eliot are the two little daughters of Lady Blanche Douglas and the late Earl of St. Germans. Lady Cecilia Wellesley is Lord Cowley's half-sister

GROSVENOR
SQUARE, W.1.

MY DEAR,—
The little season is a long time getting started this year, and the whole town seems to be thrown back upon its own devices for keeping itself amused. This is a task which we can all accomplish in a different way, of course. But the reasons are about the same for all of us. Everybody, in fact, seems to be either broke or moving house. And only a few of the latter have broken out with house-warming parties.

* * *

Perhaps the quietness of London accounts for so many people staying on late in Scotland this autumn. The Forteviots, who have just settled into their Perthshire home, Dupplin Castle, mean to entertain there a lot during the next few months, so we shall see little of them down south. Margaret, Lady



LADY CECIL DOUGLAS AND
MR. EDGAR HANSON

Two supper-time pictures in London last week—at the Cafe de Paris to be literally precise. Lady Cecil Douglas is a sister-in-law of the Marquess of Queensberry as she married his only brother, Lord Cecil, in 1927. The Hon. Mrs. John Barran, who is in the other picture, is one of the Ruthven twins. Her sister, Margaret, married Mr. Peter "Pan" Davies in 1932. He is Sir James Barrie's godson and the original of the famous little boy who could and would not grow up



CAPTAIN FOX AND MR. AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN

Forteviot, whose son, Mr. Evelyn Dewar, has just got engaged to Miss Starkie, is still at Galloway House, and the Glentanars intend to stop on in Aberdeenshire until the New Year. Lady Dalkeith is another charming Scottish hostess who will be much missed in London during the next few months, for she left last week for Langholm and will stay up north until the spring.

* * * *

Talking of the north reminds me of something which made me laugh the other day. A big business millionaire peer, just returned from Scotland, went to a cocktail party a few doors away from his own house. There he met a very charming woman who was complaining that she had to pay 11s. for a brace of grouse. He complained that he could only get 6s. a brace for his own. When she offered to buy at that price he disappeared and after a few moments returned with the grouse in his hand. A few moments later they had been exchanged for two half-crowns and a shilling, which he proudly displayed as the result of the first business deal he had ever made entirely on his own.

* * *

Mrs. Spears, whom most of us know as Mary Borden, was one of last week's house-warmers. She has made her new home in John Street quite charming, especially the dining-room with its Chinese panels

and white and green colour scheme. Mr. Melville Gideon came to help her entertain her guests. He sang with all his usual charm, though such guests as Mr. Eddie Marsh, Mr. Brendan Bracken, Miss Peggy Wood, completely changed with her new wind-swept head, and Mrs. Aspinall Oglander, who were a few among the many, hardly need outside help to keep them amused and amusing.

* * *

And now for the house movers who have not yet attained the warming stage. Lady Queensberry has decided to live up to her reputation as an artist by becoming a Chelsea-ite, and is

very busy moving into Cheyne Walk. Lady Castlereagh is negotiating for a house in Berkeley Square, and Lady Brougham and Vaux, who is very proud of her very small son, has left her house in Culross Street and settled into another one in Aldford Street for good.

Lord Bective, who will soon be sending out invitations for a new kind of party, has had to take a furnished house in London, for having originally intended to stay over in Ireland for some time longer, he let his own house in Portman Square. Now he thinks his young family is better over here. The small son and heir, Lord Kenlis, who has been christened Michael, looked very smart in a pale blue coat when I met him in the Park the other morn-

MISS STELLA FREEMAN

Who was married recently to Mr. Godfrey Tearle, is a young actress who graduated from the School of Dramatic Art and has appeared in many West End plays and also in plays on tour with Mr. Godfrey Tearle

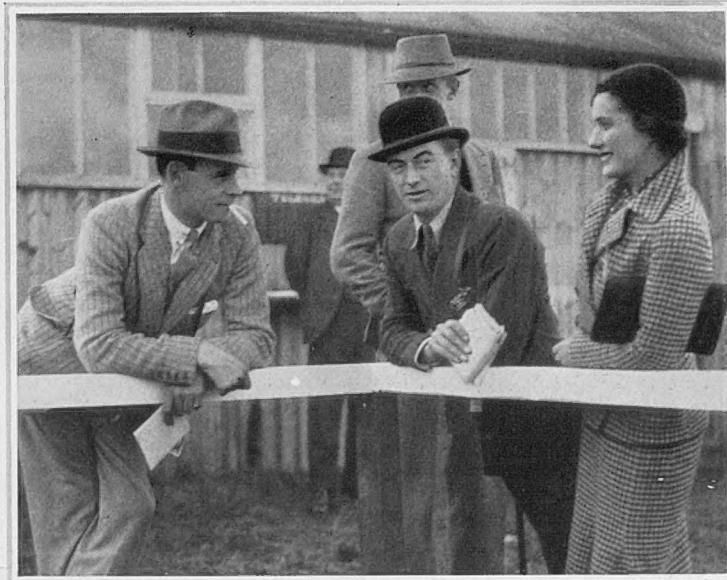
ing. His more experienced sister, Olivia, seems to prefer bright yellow. Sir Rupert Clarke, Lady Bective's son by her first marriage, is a new arrival at Eton this half.

* * *

Sir Gomer Berry, who has seven children, did well to buy lovely Chandos House, near Cavendish Square, to accommodate them all. The Shaftesburys lived there for years, and they also had a large family to fill it. Sir Gomer is one of the hardest workers in the world, and personally supervises the various departments of the big newspaper group in which he and his brother are concerned. His eldest son, Mr. Lionel Berry, got engaged the other day to Lady Helen Hay, and has been up at Yester staying with her parents, Lord and Lady Tweeddale. He works on one of the dailies. A younger son, Mr. Denis Berry, is working down at Andover, where they are putting up new printing factories.

* * *

Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine, who recently dropped her married name of Forbes and reverted to her maiden name, has taken Lord Wemyss' house in Wyndham Place until after Christmas. And she is very busy writing a book. I expect a good deal of it will be devoted to travel for she has a great wanderlust. She is already planning another trip to New Zealand in the New Year, for she enjoyed her visit



Howard Barrett

AT THE MARKET RASEN 'CHASES

A snapshot at this sporting little jump meeting in Lincolnshire last week. In the picture are Mr. Tony Belville, Mr. L. Partridge—at back Mr. Peter Akroyd, a former Joint Master of the Belvoir, with Mr. Charles Tonge and Miss Partridge

there last winter so enormously; and she has not long been back from Russia, where she went to collect material for her literary effort. She has plenty of interesting stories to tell about that journey.

Lady Angela, who is a sister of the present Lord Rosslyn, has several records to her credit. Before the War she was the only woman who had gone up in a balloon and helped to navigate it herself. Taking off somewhere near London, she landed next day in the West country. Also she and Lady Ribblesdale were, for some time, the only two women who had been down the Cresta Run at St. Moritz. But I fancy there have been one or two others in recent years.



Truman Howell

AT THE TREDEGAR HUNTER TRIALS: LORD TREDEGAR, M.F.H., AND SIR WILLIAM COPE

Lord Tredegar's hunter trials are certainly the most famous of their kind held in the West Country, and always draw a good muster from not only his own hunt. The Tredegar hounds were founded in 1870 by the second Lord Tredegar. The present peer succeeded his uncle, who was a captain in the 17th Lancers at the time of the Balaclava charge. Sir William Cope's seat, Cornborough, is in Glamorganshire

Mrs. Billie Gladstone is another mover. For she sold her big house before she went out to Kenya last winter, and she is now very busy getting into a smaller one in Kensington. It takes some doing, for she seems to be very nearly, if not entirely, reconstructing it inside. So much I gathered from her son, Neville, who was one of the many people I found racing at Lingfield the other day.

Lord Derby was one of the first people that I saw. But his smile was just a little less broad after Giudecca had again failed him. Others who came to enjoy the racing were Lady Cunliffe Owen and the Lansdale Wilsons, who have houses in the Ascot district, Mrs. Looker, Mrs. St. John Mildmay, and pretty little Miss Zelie McAlpine, who was with her brother and her fiancé; her father, who is the eldest of the many sons

(Continued overleaf)

c 2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—*continued*

of Sir Robert McAlpine, has a house only a mile or so away from the course.

It's sad to think that the end of October and the end of Newmarket, for another year, have already arrived, and I suppose that by the end of the day those of us who have been thinking in hundreds instead of our usual tens, during the last fortnight, will be thinking even more sadly when all those Nitsichin doubles with the favourites have failed to materialize.

* * *

Was the Houghton meeting named from Houghton, that fine place in Norfolk which now belongs to the Cholmondeleys? There are several stories about Houghton. One is that in 1750 Lord Orford, the famous but eccentric Lord-Lieutenant of the County, drove a team of four stags from Houghton to Newmarket, and that the Essex hounds caught the scent and hunted the noble earl across country until the stags ended their mad gallop in the courtyard of the inn which had a different name in those days. Though I can think of no better reason for naming the meeting after Houghton, I have failed to discover any explanation for the Essex hounds being so far afield.

Another owner of Houghton, we are told, gambled away the front door, stairway, and terrace, and strangers to the place are generally a little surprised at having to enter, as it seems, via the basement. The place was let for some years to Cora Lady Strafford, whose memorial service took place last week. She was a very well-known and very popular hostess in London and she will be missed by scores of people.

* * *

Nerman, who used to do so many drawings for this paper, has had a very successful exhibition in Stockholm, among his many visitors being the Prince, who liked the caricature of himself which the artist had done specially for the show. He was very interested, too, in the drawings of Maisie Gay and the Astaires and Greta Garbo, and I think he will be as pleased as the rest of us if Nerman manages to come over here next month.

* * *

Mr. Rex Colclough's cocktail party last Wednesday was a good example of what is called London's younger set. This young man is a fine musician and he has taken a charming house where he intends to settle down to his work. Among his guests I saw Miss Pat Charles, who is famous for her quick sketches. She is small and dark with bright and attractive eyes. Sir Hugh Smiley, who I hear is partly responsible for "After Dinner," was another person I found there. By the way, did you know that consequences had come in again in a verbal edition for grown-ups? It will break the ice at the frigidest dinner party. You will rise from the table telling a total stranger your life's history.

* * *

Ciro's reopening on Wednesday night was definitely a success. Despite the number of guests it lived up to its reputation for having a good cuisine. Full marks to Lord Milford Haven in his new rôle as Chairman of the Club. Among the many people I saw there were the Plunkets and the Dufferins, Mr. Charles Cochran and Miss Fanny Ward, Miss Tilly Losch and Sir George and Lady Dance, who had a big party. Lady Dance is a very remarkable person. Seeing her that night you would have found it impossible to believe that she has three really grown-up children, two of them married. And even more impossible to believe that everything was set in her lovely Regent's Park home for her operation next morning. Her husband didn't even know it was going to happen.

Memories of the Foot Lights Club at Cambridge must have come back to some of the ushers at their bachelor luncheon party before Mr. Jack Fell-Clark's wedding in St. George's last Tuesday. This tall, handsome bridegroom was a great comedian, and has not lost the art even in to-day's more serious work of reading for the Bar.



AT THE BORDON HUNTER TRIALS:
MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. W. HARMAN,
MISS HARMAN, AND LORD GOUGH, M.C.

These hunter trials were held over Oxey Farm and were a big success. Major-General Harman commands the 1st Division at Aldershot and before that, 1926-30, was I.G. of Cavalry. He is a Queen's Bay. Lord Gough, who was severely wounded in the War, is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Irish Guards



AND ALSO: MISS BONHAM-CARTER, MISS CHRYSSTAL,
AND MR. GEORGE EVANS, M.F.H.

Miss Chrystal won the Ladies' Open Jumping contest at these hunter trials at Bordon, and Mr. George Evans is the cheery Master of the "H. H.," who is such a firm believer in preserving the best traditions of our ancient sport of fox-catching. He has had them since 1926 and hunts 'em himself

her magnificent mink coat, and two proud mothers much interested in the bridal retinue graced by their small daughters were Lady Montagu of Beaulieu and Lady Airlie.

* * *

We look like being kept busy with charity functions next month. The Ivory Cross ball and cabaret is fixed for the 3rd at Grosvenor House, and Jack Harris and his band are giving their services both for this and for the special matinée of *Bull-Dog Drummond* at the Adelphi on the following Tuesday. Grosvenor House has also been chosen for the Isle of Dogs Housing Society ball on the same Tuesday, when there will be palmists and clairvoyants amongst the numerous attractions.—Yours ever, EVE.

TWO GOOD PLAYS



Stage Photo Co.
P.C. LANCE (GODFREY TEARLE) DEEPLY SUSPICIOUS
OF KITTY (MARION LORNE) IN "ROAD HOUSE,"
THE AMUSING PLAY AT THE WHITEHALL THEATRE

Although it is inconceivable that many theatre fans have missed going to the Whitehall Theatre to see Miss Marion Lorne in still more tangles, it may be that some have. This little dereliction should be at once corrected. If her husband, Mr. Walter Hackett, were capable of writing a bad play for her she would pull it out of the fire—but this is a good and most entertaining one. Kitty (Miss Marion Lorne) is deeply suspected of being linked up with a gang of smash-and-grabbers who, besides stealing her car, have committed all sorts of crimes, including the murder of a policeman. So there's thrill enough for everyone. But it all dries straight in the end. "Service" at Wyndham's has also got its feet firmly fixed on the ground. Mr. Leslie Banks as the head of the big store which is tottering to ruin, but is saved at the last moment, and Miss Ann Todd as Caroline, his daughter, are responsible for two of the many big acting successes in the cast



Sasha
IN "SERVICE": GABRIEL SERVICE (LESLIE BANKS)
AND HIS DAUGHTER (ANN TODD)



Stage Photo Co.
LADY CHETWYND JEANNE STUART) IN "ROAD HOUSE"



MIRIAM HOPKINS, THE BEAUTIFUL PARAMOUNT STAR

This beautiful young lady is known as a white gold blonde to differentiate her from all the platinum and "cendree" varieties which gentlemen also prefer. She is in Paramount's "Two Kinds of Women"; general release October 31, and trade shown at the Plaza, and also in "Dancers in the Dark," whose release date is November 28

THREE is a famous cricket story which I have probably got all wrong though I shall venture on it all the same. The story is about an English eleven touring under the captaincy of Mr. P. F. Warner and containing the great fast bowler, Macdonald. At some place where the boat stopped to take in water, or whatever it is boats stop for, the natives set about the fast bowler and flogged him all over the field. Whereupon Warner is supposed to have said:—"For Heaven's sake, Mac, tell them who you are!" One of the minor delights of life is seeing your thoroughly second-rate amateur beat your thoroughly first-rate professional, which happens oftener than most people would suppose and for the reason that there is not a pin to choose between the amateur right on his game and the professional just off it. As a golfer I stand halfway between the tiger and the rabbit, say a moderately fierce ram, and every ram on its best day can get round even a championship course in the middle seventies. The one thing in my life that I am proud of having accomplished is holing Princes, Sandwich, in '75, from the championship tees and in a gale of wind. Now Mr. R. T. Jones has been known to take as many as 79 strokes in a championship, whence it follows that a middling golfer like myself if the utmost of his form and luck could be guaranteed would be capable of beating the greatest golfer in the world on an off day. Personally I should feel safer with half-a-dozen bisques, and if Mr. Jones could have the 'flu as well. The beating of the professional by the amateur is always happening, and it makes the professional feel such a fool. It annoys me to spend hours over an article and then to find my neighbour at dinner summing up the play or film much more effectively and apparently without taking thought. Fortunately the people who do this are generally women happily married and with lots of babies, whereby they are precluded from entering the field as rivals.

I have just received a letter from a lady whom I will call Mrs. Amelia Blandish. This lady lives in and writes to me from a heavenly little Yorkshire village in which and under canvas it so happens that I spent the summer of 1915. It is a village remote and inaccessible which hardly knows the postman and where trains stop every other day. It is exactly the right place for my correspondent to live in since it is one from which professional film criticism is infeasible. This is the letter:—"Dear Mr. Agate,—Evidently films are to you what milk was to the Victorian child; and for the same reason—surfeit of a monotonous and indigestible product. I, on the other hand, am still in the blissful stage of 'enjoying the pictures.' The occasions upon which I see a London film are rare. I go up to London with a list of childrens' clothes in one hand and a pound for amusements in the other, perhaps three times in a year; so my opinion of the films is fairly fresh and unprejudiced. I am

THE CINEMA

I Take a Tip

By JAMES AGATE

therefore offering you my criticism of *Love on Wheels* (Jack Hulbert) which I saw a week ago, from a country cousin's point of view.

"*Love on Wheels*. Jack Hulbert, Leonora Corbett, and Gordon Harker are the stars in this well-written farce. But why, oh why, does Jack Hulbert act without Cicely Courtneidge? One keeps expecting her to turn up, and one leaves disappointed when she does not do so. Jack Hulbert as Fred Hopkins, the hero, is employed by Messrs. Gallops, a huge London store. His job is an unusual one—the whipping boy of the shop; in fact if anyone has a complaint Mr. Hopkins is sent for and publicly sacked, this by way of satisfying the irate customer. Fred Hopkins makes his way to Messrs. Gallops every morning by 'bus, thus meeting his flame, Jane Russell; egged on and helped by the 'bus-conductor (Gordon Harker) he starts a flirtation with her. Fred loses his job owing to Jane's untimely laughter at his expense, and Jane loses her money; it is rather a relief than otherwise that Gordon Harker does not lose his 'bus amidst such an orgy of universal catastrophe.

How Jane disappears into the underworld and is found by her Fred and friend; how Fred obtains a job at Gallops again, this time as a great swell, you can see for yourself at the Capitol, and I will not give away the ending. This film definitely gives you the impression that its laughter is laboured; but there is laughter. The three stars themselves do not disappoint us much, but their supporters all seem sadly lacking in humour; if only one of the many assistants at Gallops had been fat, or had a squint, bow legs, or a stutter. But no, they were all terribly dull and painfully 'refained.' Still, it is quite good fun.

"This picture is followed by *Sinners in the Sun*. It is always nice, if you are respectable and provincial, to see a vamp, such as Elissa Landi, flirting across a desert or a jungle (in this case a jungle) in a few yards of satin and wonderfully permanently-waved hair. There is something magical about the jungle I notice, in that heroines lost in the same, or living in sin in the same (in this case living in sin) never lose their permanent waves, whatever else they may lose. Well, I think that's all there is to *Sinners in the Sun*. The moral seems to be: No one's as bad as they're painted, even East of Suez! The old German General in the film acted well, very well. Time prevented me from seeing the Topical Budget, but I daresay it was much as usual. Final verdict, quite a good show."

Am I not right in saying that for sincerity, wit, and coming to the point this amateur film critic could play any professional critic level without need of strokes? Let me, à propos of the new Laurel and Hardy film at the Empire take a leaf out of this lady's book, at least in the way of conciseness. First, then, let me say that I strongly disapprove of Hollywood's notion of the War as a mine in which to dig for buffooneries. *Pack Up Your Troubles* is all about Laurel and Hardy's efforts to restore an infant to its grandparents, the infant being that of a comrade killed in the War. The film could just as easily be about the efforts of this admirable pair to restore a child to its living parents. My second objection is that while Laurel is getting fatter, Hardy is getting thinner, which is quite as it ought *not* to be. This may account for the fact that the pair though still very funny are not as side-splitting as they used to be. The wan look which formerly made Laurel into the twin brother of Smike has entirely disappeared, and the truth about Hardy is that he is some two stone less funny. Apart from this avoid-pois view of the matter, the pair still make the evening pass pleasantly, and there is some superb fooling in their efforts to find that Mr. Smith who is the infant's putative grandfather. The infant is by nature a platinum blonde, and perhaps the best moment in the film is when one of the front doors upon which Hardy knocks so nonchalantly opens to reveal a nigger much blacker than any coal.

SPOTTING WINNERS IN SOUTH WALES AND AT SANDOWN

Society Goes Racing



MISS BIBBY, MISS GREENWALL, AND MR. MOON ATTEND CARDIFF STEEPELCHASES

MISS ROSALIE CORY AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. W. FERGUSON, R.H.A.

ALSO AT CARDIFF: MRS. VIVIAN, MRS. STEWART, AND SIR G. CONGREVE



MAJOR COLMORE AND LADY AINSWORTH AT SANDOWN

A SANDOWN PARK CONSULTATION: MR. DE TRAFFORD, BARONESS BEAUMONT, AND MRS. SILTZER

MRS. CURZON-HOWE AND MISS MARY WINDSOR - LEWIS (right)

Though there was a seasonable nip in the air, the glorious sunshine made last Wednesday's racing very pleasant, both at Cardiff, where rain is not unknown, and at Sandown Park. At the former fixture, with which the first three pictures on this page are concerned, Miss Rosalie Cory and Mr. Ferguson were still receiving congratulations on their recently-announced engagement. Miss Cory is the elder daughter (by his second marriage) of Sir Herbert Cory of Coryton, whose hospitality is famous throughout South Wales. Lieut.-Commander Sir Geoffrey Congreve, who was also on view at Cardiff, comes from Staffordshire, and is the son of that distinguished soldier, the late General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C. He is both an owner and an amateur rider. Major Horace Colmore, whose wife is such a noted horse portraitist, was at Sandown to see his Blue Grass run in the Orleans Nursery. There was a field of sixteen for this event, in which Miss Elegance scored her third success for Mr. T. Richards. Sir Thomas Ainsworth's wife, over from "the distressful country," encountered lots of friends in the paddock, and Baroness Beaumont was trying to solve the problem of picking winners with the seriousness it deserved



THE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON, M.F.H.

A picture in point-to-pointing kit of the hard-riding lady Master. Lady Harrington pluckily carried on things after her husband's death in 1929. He was killed when hunting his own hounds

sale to take her short by the head, and with an ever shortening process to scramble through it from a standstill while a gentleman aiming for the same spot is carried through a totally different place with the noise of a fagot bursting into flame. It's all over in a few minutes, a grand little school just sufficient to show the poultry farmer that his new purchase (a thoroughbred got by Cunning—Repository) is good enough to sell as a made hunter (outside the country). Two o'clock. Cars at the Durham Ox and home in time for a round of golf. It takes a lot of beating.

NOVICE.—Certainly "capping" is practised with the Midland packs the last three weeks in October. The gentleman who tried to sell you a Swastika note-case in September was just practising a bit early.

DRESSY.—The gentleman you mention we find gets his sweaters from Reggie Meen's seconds, and his boots from the North Sea Trawler Supply Company.

CHUTNEY.—Riding in moderation is admirable for your liver. Chronic over-riding brings on that scourge known as "Master's acidity."

From the Fernie

Wistow Crossroads, an old-time meeting place has alas, lost its charm. The once open park where one could move a fresh horse round without risk has now been enclosed by wire to meet the needs of the motor age and dispense with gates. The field out on Monday after a tedious journey on the tar-mac had their first hunt from Burgess' Spinney at Saddington. Fifteen minutes round the Mowsley hills and dales to the reservoir ended with blowing steeds and glowing riders elated by their first pipe-opener. The fair sex were in a strong majority. Lady Kathleen Rollo, Miss Baring, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Massey, and Mrs. Jack being well in the van and all well mounted. De

From the Shires and Provinces

A Leicestershire Letter

Cub-hunting in late October always seems to be some of the best fun of the year. Probably it is partly because one is thankful for smaller mercies, and a grand morning's cubbing would be but a poor day's hunting, but scent on the dew is always good, fields rule small generally, the sun shines, and one is so glad to be back to it all again. Take a typical Quorn Monday from Ella's with—think of it—only about thirty people out, and all the "tally ho back" stuff over for the day. A holloa at the top end and they're gone for Munday's over a line carefully manicured in the season, but now rather overdone with cuticle. A gap, a gate on to and off the road, a couple of easy "likers," and then one which might have nothing, but has enough growth to conceal the Hindenburg line in front of it. The Melton universal provider, untrammelled by transatlantic visitors and mounted on "one for father," springs into the next field; Reggie on one as green as envy meets it right and lurches over, while our snaffle and standing martingale expert, placing both forepaws in the hidden ditch, disappears in the brambles like a destroyer taking it green over the bows. The hole he makes allows the portly gentleman with the Flemish mare for

T on the milk-white horse was a prominent mark on the sky-line. Those who journeyed to Glen Oaks on Thursday had a capital morning, hounds running on a fair scent over the delightful Stretton country. There was no lack of foxes, all of which were quickly off the mark. The bravest took on some blind fences and happily there were no casualties. Fields increase each morning and most of our regulars have now been out with an occasional visitor from other parts.

From the Heythrop

Hounds are in real killing form just now, as exactly thirty brace have been accounted for to date. This is more than most owners of partridge shoots can say this season. However, there seems to be no shortage of birds in our field, and the proportion of young to old is quite good; no disease is reported except a few cases of financial consumption. Each day now seems to bring out fresh coveys and we hear that Kingham is one of the favourite roosting places this season. At this time of year, too, they have some funny plumages some of them, in fact so much so that it is sometimes somewhat difficult to tell the male from the female species. However the moult season is on November 7, when the female is in full plumage and when some male birds develop swallow-tails, but all of them, like the ptarmigan, change their colour in the winter.

From Lincolnshire

I n spite of difficult times, hunting during the forthcoming marriage bell! True, the Brocklesby have found it necessary to curtail their days of hunting from four to two days a week, but there will be an occasional third for the convenience of those who find it difficult to make their arrangements fit in with the appointed days. Captain H. A. Jaffray, who was joint M.F.H. with Lord Yarborough, has transferred his affections to the Cotswolds, thus the venerable "Squire of Brocklesby" will, for the time being, carry on single-handed.

There are changes of management in the Southwold country. The Belchford pack has now three Joint Masters—Major Walter Rawnsley, Mr. John Ramsden, a former Master, and Mr. H. Hartley—while the Harrington pack has been taken over by Miss Diana Brackenbury, one of whose ancestors hunted the Southwold country more than a century ago. Incidentally, Miss Brackenbury is the first lady M.F.H. in the county. Major Jessop, who has done more for hunting than any other sportsman in Lincolnshire, will continue to hunt the pack over which Miss Diana presides. The other county packs go on as before.

The cubbing campaign has been prosecuted with marked success, and with the going as fit as the most fastidious fox-hunter could wish, there will be no delay in getting to work when the time arrives for the commencement of the proper season.

From the Cheshire

F or those who are honest enough to admit they go out cubbing now hoping to get a hunt, Friday from Hurleston was probably the best of the week; really quite a big field turned out for this always popular meet. Hounds slipped away from a kale field near the Ash House and ran just far and fast enough over what will be in a fortnight's time, when the rest of the wire comes down, a really good line of country. From what one hears all seemed pleased with themselves and their horses. The hound-kicking episode was disastrous. The gentleman involved looked harassed all morning, due, we think, to the responsibility of having the full troop of "Livery Ladies" on parade.

The Ludlow Hunter Trials Show on Thursday was a successful "day's out" for Leslie and his bays, which won the team competition, and also for "Monday" Barbour, who did a splendid round and also won in her class.

Saturday's meet was changed owing to a foot-and-mouth outbreak in Wales. Hounds met at Darnhall Schools, but as they never arrived in the vicinity of Tilstone, as scheduled, we seemed to have missed most of the fun. One young mother and daughter spent the morning jumping Pages Brook.

Tuesday from Broomhall, bar the good show of foxes and the acrobatic feats of a lady and gentleman who demonstrated to the company present two different ways of rapid dismounting, was cold and rather uneventful, but a word of praise must be given to Peter for the great improvement we saw in the wire.

A HOUSE-PARTY



PRINCESS IRENE OF GREECE AND PRINCESS HELEN OF ROUMANIA



MRS. JAMES HORLICK AND "CHANG"

AND SOME 'CHASING'



MISS KATHERINE HORLICK AND SIR PERCY LORAIN

All these pictures were taken at Grey Walls, Guillane, Scotland, where Colonel and Mrs. Jimmy Horlick gave this house-party. Grey Walls used to belong to Mrs. Willie James, and she was many times there the hostess of the late King Edward VII. Mrs. Willie James' son, Edward, married the charming Miss Tilly Losch. Princess Irene of Greece was just back from Paris, and both she and Princess Helen of Roumania are great friends of the host and hostess of Grey Walls and of Little Paddocks, Sunninghill, Colonel Horlick's other house. Sir Percy Loraine has been High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan since 1929, and is home on leave at the moment.

Howard Barrett
AT MARKET RASEN: LORD SOMERTON
ON PYXISHoward Barrett
MR. T. A. WATT (far side) WINNING ON HIS OWN KILMOON:
AT THE LAST OBSTACLE

As was only natural after the nice spot of rain we have had, the going at this jumping meeting at Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, was all that a doctor might or might not have ordered—all depends, of course, whether he was shy of collar-bone cases. The racing was amusing and fields good in all bar one event, the Open Handicap Chase. Mr. T. A. Watt only got home by a short head in the Selling Hurdle Race. He married a daughter of Lord and Lady Charles Bentinck, and runs a little racing stable at Corby Birkholme, near Stamford. Lord Somerton, who is Lord Normanton's son and heir, also had a ride in this hurdle race, which Mr. Watt won, and is seen on his own Pyxis.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

A Fascinating Satire.

Reading Evelyn Waugh's entertaining satire, "Black Mischief" (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), the thought suddenly struck me: I wonder what list of stale jokes the present generation will hand down to join indisordered

iced drink. There is also a very amusing account of how a terrible scandal originated in that game which begins with Mr. So-and-so meeting Mrs. or Miss Somebody-else in—if you want to be thoroughly and completely modern—either a bed-room, or in that brief but less politely euphonious idiocy of a false "refayment" which is known as a ladies' rest room. And maybe that joke, too, will one day be listed among the Limberger cheeses, and the sausage which stood up and barked. In the meanwhile, however, "Black Mischief" is very modern and very witty, and quite a brilliant satire in an impish way. Most of it is quite funny, too, and none of it is sheer extravaganza. The book holds a lot of truth in a lot more entertainment.

* * *

Talleyrand.

The worst of political reforms and most revolutions is that they require such an expensive backing. People *will not* learn how unhappy they are until thousands of pounds have been spent to bring it home to them. Perhaps this may be because most political reforms never touch the real miseries, but only those which provide a deafening battle cry for one political party, but which only a few men had thought about until they were being deafened by the uproar outside. Consequently, a "patriot" on a big scale has to feather his own nest

before he feels safe enough to tidy up the nests of his fellow-citizens. Then, at any rate and whatever happens, he may at length retire comfortably to his country seat, and, if he lives long enough, his sins are consequently forgiven him in the hoary magnificence of a long white beard. Of such was the Abbé de Perigord, whose story has just been brilliantly re-told by Mr. Duff Cooper in his new book, "Talleyrand" (Cape. 12s. 6d.). It is a most interesting study of a difficult and complex character. Really to appreciate Talleyrand you have got to remember that private morals, that is sexual morals,



MR. W. ERSKINE CRUM,
PRESIDENT O.U.B.C.

Mr. Erskine Crum, like his father the late Sir Walter Erskine Crum, is an Old Etonian and a rowing Blue. He has created a precedent by taking a trial eight crew on a long journey below locks on their first appearance

array references to mothers-in-law, herrings, strong cheese, and glad-eyes; all that humour, in fact, which once made our grandmothers go all scintillating. I came to the conclusion that funny references to birth control and contraceptives would certainly be among them. A story nowadays has only got to drag them in in an amusing fashion to go tintinnabulously modern, and if not made the book of the month, at least made the book of a hundred cocktail parties. It crops up again in "Black Mischief," where, on an imaginary island off the east coast of Africa, the native emperor, having been educated at Oxford and wishing to make his kingdom the last word in the latest, decides that among his reforms shall be a festival of birth control, with suitable banners, processions complete. Unfortunately his subjects fail to interpret the spirit of the occasion while the body of the subject they clearly define. It is all very funny, but the book as a whole is much more than merely amusing. It is quite a brilliant satire, the central figure of which is a young Englishman who, not being very popular at home, becomes the moving spirit of modernity on this semi-civilized African island. The result is much revolution and fighting, from which the English and French colonies stand apart content to squabble with each other. And the end of it all is that the foreigners are forced to flee, but eventually Great Britain takes the island in hand and civilizes it completely; the apex of that civilization being the district magistrate and his wife taking cocktails in the bungalows of those only who are socially in the magisterial set. But this is only a brief outline. You must read "Black Mischief" all the way through to be really entertained. The European characters are the most amusing, with the French always suspecting deep plots of aggrandisement among the British colony, and the British colony being far too eager to find as good a time as they can, within the boring limitations of Government House, to plot anything more important than an



TUBBING—BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY'S END"

Mr. R. C. Sheriff has resumed life at Oxford after returning from Hollywood, and is here seen about to give two of a college crew a bit of tubbing

need not have the least influence on the purity of a man's ambition as apart from women. You have got also to realize that a man has often to make himself financially safe before he can begin to fight for an abstract idea which can only become concrete through human acceptance and political law. Money is Power, and Power is a bedazzlement. And in human affairs, alas! bedazzlement has often to come before logic, or rather, logic has to arrive by means of bedazzlement. Napoleon, regarded logically, was a human curse; regarded as the head of an immense army, as an astounding general, as a legendary figure of profound magnificence, he is all what he has become—a kind of demi-god before whom the world salutes without ever asking the reason why. And so it was with Talleyrand. His triumph was the triumph of a brilliantly crafty brain. Like a wise man, he realized that the good he wanted for France could never be gained by standing alone. Consequently, he usually followed the stream whichever way the stream was flowing, knowing that, after all, whatever one says with one's lips leaves the hands free. He was, therefore, termed treacherous when he was only worldly-wise, and corrupt when in reality he was merely circumspect. He knew what he wanted, and he knew the needs of France. He had his own methods to achieve both. It is an extraordinary life-story, because it is a story which covers some of the most thrilling chapters of French history. As a study of character, too, the book is absorbing, and it is no dressed-up lay figure which emerges. A great deal of that magnetic charm, which was the most potent arm in all

(Continued on p. 146)

"GIVIN' 'ER THE AIR!"

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"When she said I wasn't no lady, I soon 'ad 'er 'at off and 'er 'air down. I let 'er see whether I wasn't no lady or not"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Talleyrand's armoury is felt by the reader; and the last scene of all, the broken but unbowed figure of the old statesman, has in it a pathos which makes one inclined to forgive him most of his past faults. And this surely must be the final triumph of everybody's life, if triumph they do.

This Boring Futility. *

Every time I visit London one thing invariably strikes me. Have you ever noticed the enormous number of hard-faced women and girls and futile young men who make up the more fashionable crowds? Nothing human, nothing kindly, nothing which is not self-seeking and self-conscious about them. Hard as nails, and crafty after their own ends is the only form of their cleverness. At least, they look that way. And always that lack of poise which is the trade mark of those whose mind lives in a vain search to find grandeur in their own aggrandisement. Dorothy Arundel, the heroine of Mr. Bonamy Dobree's new novel, "St. Martin's Summer" (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.), is a typical example. She had long ceased to find interest in her husband and, fulfilling her type, imagined that because she had lost interest in him he must be consequently boring. She is thirty-nine when the story opens and the mother of two children; Ierne, just left school, and Christopher, a soldier in Palestine. Having never known the youthfulness and vitality which come from the joy of giving, she had reached that age which becomes insanely self-centred through the fear that the joy of getting may not be quite so incessant as it has been. There comes into her selfish life, Croft Wilmer—middle-aged, lightly cynical—who is attracted by Ierne. But Dorothy, who is attracted by Wilmer, is thereby taken up in the flood of what she thinks is mother-love, to marry her daughter off to the more stolid and dependable Bingham thus, so she insists, saving the girl from what would certainly be an unhappy marriage. In the meanwhile she annexes Wilmer for herself. Even so, the desire to have her cake as well as eat it keeps him "dangling" rather than accepting him as a lover. She is inanely jealous. And all the time she is searching for the human safety-valve through which her whining self-pity may escape with a loud hiss. On the death of her husband she marries Wilmer and is half-exultant, half-terrified, that she has done the unhappy thing by herself. This, in brief, is the outline of a novel which is cleverly written and quite interesting, simply because the author so successfully keeps one utterly indifferent as to what does or does not happen eventually to either Dorothy or Wilmer or both. She, at any rate, has been and will be only half alive in any sense that matters whatever happens.

And that half as flinty, as futile, and as fatuous as may be. Alas! Dorothy and her crew are such a common post-War type.

The Pre-War Egoist.

In "Mrs. Jim" (Benn. 9d.), Mr. Archibald Marshall very cleverly draws for us the kind of egoist who is now rapidly passing away in favour of the mere plutocratic social hog. Lady Calender, elderly, determined, aggressive, but kind, if you allowed her to be kind in her own way, which was so often infuriating, was the nearest approach to God Almighty in her neighbourhood. She ruled her own roost, and dominated every other body's nest with a rod of iron, which was equally composed of rudeness. Very cleverly, however, Mr. Marshall never caricatures the type. You can yet meet her in remote country places where titles are still somewhere where they were. Into Lady Calender's household, however, there descends a young woman, half French, who is the widow of her ladyship's eldest son and the mother of the heir to the title. Otherwise, of course, she would have been gently ignored as a relative by marriage, best forgotten. But young Mrs. Jim, whose early circumstances had been so humble that her husband had tried to keep his marriage a secret from his mother, eventually became more than a match for the tyrannical Lady Calender. The story, indeed, is just the account of their affray, the first snub, the young woman's immediate challenge, the final "set to." The plot is as straightforward as a bit of string; but it is so well handled, it is so amusing and so free from caricature or burlesque that it is more interesting and exciting than many another.



AT THE GREEN-ROOM CLUB FIFTY-FIFTH
BIRTHDAY PARTY

The Story of a Chippendale Chair.

"**B**illy Ditt" (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.), by Thomas Rohan, is a most attractive book. It is supposed to be a novel, and yet—I don't know. Its chief character is a lovely Chippendale chair, and the story is an account of the comedies and tragedies of which it has been the silent spectator from the time when it was originally designed and made by Thomas Chippendale in 1760, until, in 1925, it was bought back for nearly £1,000 by the young man to whom, by romance and sentimental ownership, it rightly belonged; and yet, there is much more in the book than this—though the romance is a charming one. There is Billy Ditt, the drunkard who eventually reformed and found happiness by the search for and handling of beautiful things. So apart from the stories which surrounded the old chair, the book is also the account of the experiences of a dealer in antiques, how he learned to recognize and appreciate them, and to find in their craftsmanship and in their loveliness a joy and a consolation for all the bewilderment of life. "Billy Ditt" is a delightful book.

Photographs by Arthur Owen

DISTINGUISHED DOGS

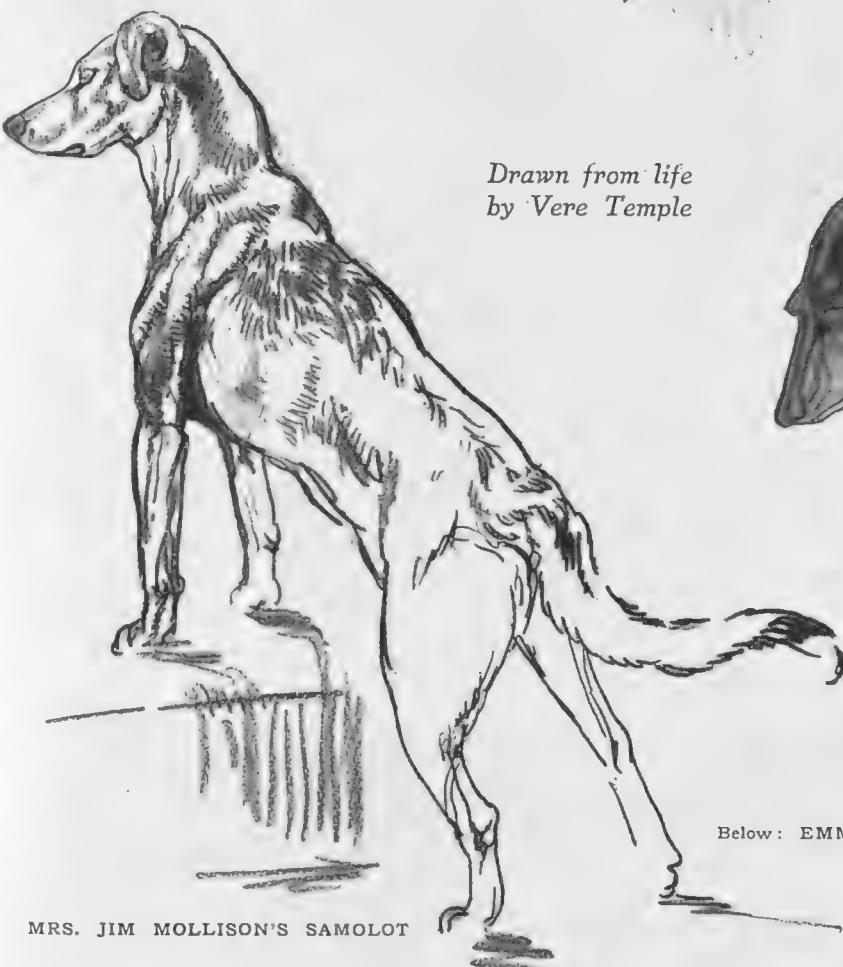
"The more I see of Men . . ."



STUDIES OF EMMA DU MAURIER



GOODBYE TO ALL THAT



MRS. JIM MOLLISON'S SAMOLOT



MISS M. ALEXANDER'S BEETLE

Below: EMMA AT EASE



This gallery of canine personalities is contributed by Miss Vere Temple, a well-known animal portraitist who frequently exhibits in London. Sir Gerald du Maurier's Emma, of whom four impressions are given, proved herself a good sitter, though anxious to be about her master's business again as soon as possible. Samolot has been the cherished possession of Mrs. Jim Mollison (Miss Amy Johnson) since he was six months old, when she brought him home from Russia by air. The English translation of his name is "Little Aeroplane." Beetle, who posed with true Dachshund philosophy, has a black coat with fawn "trimmings." He and his owner are both keen on country pursuits.

A Rugby Letter

DEAR TATLER.—We ought, I think, to take this, the earliest opportunity of offering our congratulations to W. W. Wakefield on the safe arrival of the latest addition to his family. "Wakers" is now the father of three fair daughters, and the only cause for regret is that they are not all sons. England hath need of them, or will have in

welcome, for they generally display plenty of energy and determination. If a man will not play his hardest with a Blue in sight he will never play at all. And the chief merit of the 'Varsity match lies in the fact that the men go all out from start to finish. They may not be very clever, but they do try. Only once in the whole history of the great game has a side apparently thrown in its hand.

* * *

When I saw the Cambridge side the other day it contained six old Blues, besides an International player in the person of E. B. Pope, who has not yet gained inter-University honours. There will be changes in that team before December 6, and if these are judiciously made the Light Blues will be a formidable fifteen. One or two of the freshmen were recipients of a good deal of indiscriminate praise, and they certainly did well enough; one or two others were not so successful. I saw no signs of any attention being paid to the recent circular of the International Board, but if the Cambridge skipper cannot find more efficient wing forwards than those on view on this occasion he had better think seriously of "first up, first down!" A really great wing forward is a jewel beyond price; a moderate one is no good to anybody.

* * *



RICHMOND RUGGER XV

R. S. Crisp

The side which beat Rosslyn Park at the Athletic Ground in the recent match by a goal and two tries (11 points) to a try (3 points) after leading by a goal to nil at half time. The Rosslyn Park attack was full of élan, but Richmond's defence was as solid as a stone wall

The names in the picture, left to right, are: Back row—R. H. O'Brien (hon. sec.), J. B. H. Kealey, R. J. Iliffe, R. L. Beverley, P. F. Robins, J. H. Bowman, G. R. A. Elsmie; sitting—W. K. Shutt, A. S. Roncoroni, G. G. Aslett, C. R. Hopwood (captain), E. H. Allen, W. A. H. Chapman, F. G. O'Dwyer; on the ground—R. S. Lewis, A. R. Snelus

another twenty years or so. We can always do with forwards of the "Wakers" type, even if certain sapient selectors insisted on dropping him from the English team at least a year too soon.

* * *

The player-journalist problem looks as if it had been solved for the moment by the most regrettable accident to F. H. Waters. There really was no problem at all, for the Scottish Union has quite a definite ruling on the point, and if a Scottish player ignores it he knows what the result will be, and has nothing to complain of. Can it be true that the whole affair was engineered by a section of the yellow press, in the hope of causing what it loves to describe as a "sensation"?

* * *

A man I know, who used to write, but no longer does, for one of the daily "screamers," was once instructed to start a violent attack on England's Rugby selectors. Now at that period England had had a long run of success, and had won about twenty-three or four of its last twenty-six games. So the scribe in question utterly declined to lend himself to any such tomfool nonsense, and thereafter his name was mud in that particular office. But he had, at any rate, the satisfaction of having preserved his self-respect.

* * *

With both Universities hard at work trying to build up sides in the all too short time at their disposal, their matches are more than usually attractive. Both of them, also, are paying frequent visits to town, and they are very

them, especially if the leaders themselves are forwards. If D. M. Marr had been a spectator of the match I saw, it is any odds that at least two forwards would not have appeared again this season, but would have made room for better men. Cambridge men must be delighted at the form shown in the centre by J. H. L. Phillips, who figured at stand-off half two years ago. He is stronger and heavier, but has kept his pace and dash and should prove extremely useful. P. L. Candler, a freshman from Sherborne, is a player of much promise.

HARLEQUIN.



THE ROSSLYN PARK XV

R. S. Crisp

Which the Richmond team in the other picture beat by 11 points to 3. The forward attack was magnificent in its opening, but lacked the finishing power which ought to have built up a big score

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row—H. A. Burlinson (hon. sec.), F. St. J. Unwin, J. E. Tyler, G. Ellman Brown, J. S. Lewis, P. H. Tomkins, D. D. Zvezgintzov, H. W. Hall (touch judge); seated—R. G. Forbes-Bassett, A. F. Wickert, R. B. Skinner, A. K. Woodhouse (captain), A. C. Lusty, G. Blacktop, E. B. Eason; on the ground—N. B. Hunter and G. Greenwood-Penny



Mrs. Richard Herbert and her Husband

Before her marriage, which took place some three years ago, Mrs. Richard Herbert was Miss Marjorie Du Pre. She is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. William Du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, and a sister of Miss Betty Du Pre, whose engagement to Lord Churston was announced early this month. Mr. Richard Herbert is in the Grenadier Guards. He and his wife live in Mulberry Walk

AT WINCANTON STEEPELCHASES



**COLONEL WINGFIELD-DIGBY, M.F.H.,
AND MRS. ARMSTRONG-JONES**



**MR. AND LADY SYBIL PHIPPS, NICHOLAS
PHIPPS, MRS. HASTINGS AND MISS MARTIN**

**LADY DOROTHY LYON WITH
MR. ANTHONY HERBERT**

There is always something of a Point-to-Point atmosphere at Wincanton Steeplechases, possibly because of the presence of many amateur riders. At any rate, these one-day fixtures (in March, May and October) have a great social success, and the West Country sporting fraternity attend in force. Colonel Wingfield-Digby—who is seen with Mr. Oliver Messel's engaging sister—ranks particularly high in this category, having been Master of the Blackmore Vale since 1909. Lady Sybil Phipps came from Chalcot with her husband and seven-year-old son. She had a runner, "Vive l'Amour," in the Kingwell Handicap Hurdle



MISS TREVILIAN AND MR. BLACKETT

There were many pretty faces to be seen at Wincanton. Miss Trevilian, over from Midelney Manor, owned one of them, and Mrs. Michael Hornby another. Mrs. Hornby's twin sister, Lady Stavordale, had a daughter in August, and the christening of this young lady on October 16 was the cause of a big family gathering at Melbury House, Lord Ilchester's place near Dorchester. Mr. Robin Mount, seen in the paddock with Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, is a brother of Sir William Mount



**IN-LAWS: LORD STAVORDALE
AND MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY**



**LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER
AND MR. ROBIN MOUNT**



MRS. SIMMONS, M.F.H., AND MR. PARRY
Truman Howell

A snapshot taken at the South Hereford Hunter Trials, which were held recently at Dason and attracted a large number of entries. This is Mrs. Simmons's second season as Master of the South Herefordshire. She had the Tedworth 1921-1924



SIR THOMAS FERMOR-HESKETH, HIS DAUGHTER, AND (LEFT) MISS BRYANT
Holloway



TWO OF THE NEATEST LINGFIELDERS

Mrs. Violet Hirsch and Mrs. Evan-Thomas both looked exceedingly well at the Lingfield Meeting, and when the camera encountered them they had just brought off quite a "good thing." Mrs. Hirsch is a daughter of Colonel Levita and sister of Mrs. Donald Cameron



WELL MET AT LINGFIELD PARK

Lady Worthington-Evans, wrapped in a lovely fur coat, considers her card in company with Mr. and Mrs. Ian Baillieu. Lady Worthington-Evans, a very pretty blonde, was Miss Joan Pears before her marriage. Her husband succeeded to the baronetcy last year on the death of his father, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, the noted statesman

Another patron of Lingfield Park's most recent race meeting was Miss Rita Behrens, a particularly charming and cheerful débutante who was presented at one of the June Courts. She wore a trim check coat with bold buttons, and a gay little hat which became her very well

The above group was secured at Towcester Races, in which Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, as managing director of the Racecourse Company, invariably takes the keenest interest. The course itself is quite close to his Northamptonshire home, Easton Neston. Miss Louise Fermor-Hesketh, Sir Thomas' elder daughter, came out in 1929

UP AND DOING



MISS RITA BEHRENS

Priscilla in Paris



THE SCREEN'S LOVELIEST VAMP:
EDITH MERA

Edith Méra is a cendrée blonde, with inch-long lashes that do not take off at night, and wonderful green eyes. She is a Paramount star, but is equally well known on the stage for her many successes, both on the comedy and musical stages. She is one of the great revueist, Rip's, favourite leading ladies, and is playing in his new show at the Capucines

TRÈS CHER.—Have we been unjust to the young generation in believing—or trying to make ourselves believe—that they take nothing seriously in the domain of love? I do not know what is going on on your side of the water in this respect, but over here we are living in a nightmare created by the numbers of young suicides who have taken their poor little broken hearts so seriously as to prefer "the great adventure" rather than make an endeavour to patch the pieces together again. The last on the list, that exquisite seventeen-year-old child, Sacha Lyo, who has left this overshadowed world by her own frail little hand, wrings my heart. She was the loveliest thing. More than merely pretty, and full of personality. Such a grave, dignified little face, above a sylph-like body, that sometimes curved into the sweetest and most child-like smile. She was the finest acrobatic dancer, with a sound, classical ballet-training, that I have ever seen, and, with her partner Horam (an ex-International Rugby player), and two others whose names I forget, has been topping the bill at the Casino de Paris for the last year. She had fame, and the comfortable income that one would expect from it, and theatrical engagements for as far ahead as she cared to accept them. She lived at home, with her mother . . . and one imagined that she probably played with dolls in her spare moments . . . and then, suddenly one evening . . . "the stage waits" . . . there is an empty dressing-room . . . and next morning we hear that little Sacha will never dance again. She has taken herself and her "unrequited love for an Egyptian much older than herself" to—whatever may be on the Other Side, and we are left wondering why we did not guess her trouble . . . why we were not able to help, and why—why—why such things can possibly happen.



A MAGNETIC POLE: CHARLOTTE WOYOWSKI
Now dancing in Gay Paree with much success, but before that she had come in an easy first in the National Beauty Contest held in Warsaw

Printemps, has somewhat startled her admirers who were present at the revival of Sacha Guitry's and Reynaldo Hahn's enchanting *Mozart* at the Théâtre de la Madeleine. Yvonne's success was not what is known in Paris as a *succès d'estime*, but an unconditional and immense triumph. Indeed, the sad moments that both she and Sacha are now enduring, for such a partnership as theirs cannot be dissolved without deep regrets on both sides, despite all the differences that have arisen in their private lives, have added depth to her interpretation of a part into which Sacha has woven much more romance and melancholy than ever existed in the boy musician's somewhat egoistic personality. Yvonne's rendering of the farewell message in the last act was such as to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened first-nighters, and her reception "brought—as theatrical parlance hath it—the house down."

Love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



CHALIAPINE AS "DON QUICHOTTE"

The world's greatest bass singer is naturally a magnificent Don Quichotte in the new Pabst film of which the open-air shots were made at Grasse, near Nice. This Quichotte has one of the most admirable Sancho Panzas ever produced in this immortal story, and he is no less a person than our own George Robey, who has grown a beard, with no inconsiderable success, in the interests of art—and not as a permanent adornment. The scenario is by Paul Morand, and G. W. Pabst is making a magnificent job of it on the production side. Since getting kidnapped by pirates and bandits, and things like that, nowadays seems to be so immensely popular, it may be of passing interest to mention that Cervantes himself was captured by pirates and that it took his relatives five years to raise the ransom. It was after this that he took to literature to rehabilitate the family fortunes



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Gilbert and Sullivan: As Welcome as Ever

GONDOLIERI, CONTADINE, INQUISITOR, GRAND DUKE AND OTHERS: LESLIE RANDS, CHARLES GOULDING, MURIEL DICKSON, MARJORIE EYRE, SYDNEY GRANVILLE, HENRY LYTTON, DOROTHY GILL, ROWENA RONALD

ARE they as welcome as ever? The Savoy Theatre has been modernised, but lively old operas are bringing it full audiences each night, while most of the more modern productions have a difficult passage. Nor are the old guard of Gilbert and Sullivan a majority in the Savoy audiences, although their proportion is distinctive—the Law, the Church (with or without gaiters), the Services in retirement, the mellowed bankers and merchants, and especially the ladies appertaining to all of these, including some with ear-trumpets. The junior middle-aged are at least as many; and a good third of the attendance is

post-war. Gilbert and Sullivan, in 1932, are as welcome as ever.

The operas themselves change hardly at all. Some have been beautifully re-dressed and re-painted. A few newcomers have joined the cast, a few familiars have been promoted to leading rôles. The rest is as it always has been during upwards of sixty years. Mr. J. M. Gordon, the D'Oyly Carte stage director (who looks like President Wilson at a costume ball when he takes his bow at a season's first night), regards his Gilbert libretti as being in the nature of holy writ. He would hate any suggestion that they should be brought "up to date." And if he did consent to such tampering,

at least the old guard of listeners would be in full cry after his blood, and Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte's.

We have had the *Pirates* and *Gondoliers*, *Ruddigore* and *Iolanthe*. We have missed Bertha Lewis, Leo Sheffield, and Nellie Briercliffe from them all, and we have lamented Henry Lytton's absence from two. Yet within a few years, Martyn Green and Muriel Dickson, who are offered in compensation, should be names with which to conjure applause for entrance as well as exit.



PIRATE MAID AND PIRATE APPRENTICE: DOROTHY GILL, JOHN DEAN



PIRATE KING AND MAJOR-GENERAL: DARRELL FANCOURT, MARTYN GREEN



BAD BART AND VILLAGE MAIDEN:
MARTYN GREEN, MURIEL DICKSON

pears in farewell, and this may be my last chance of writing about him, unless I do so again in a 1952 autobiography. The contadine have sung of roses red and white; the gondolieri have done their tra-las; Giuseppe and Marco have sung of lagooning and mandolin-tuning. There steps from a gondola Henry Lytton, the celebrated, cultivated Duke of Plaza-Toro. Held up by the house's greeting, he stands in high boots and gold-laced hat, such as he has worn for twenty years. His breastplate has a historic dent where the Grand Inquisitor and the rest have often tapped it. He moves forward upon the Piazzetta. He sings of that over-flowing, easy-going Paladin, the Duke of Plaza-Toro; and each waggle of his wig, each tremor of the knees and flick of the hands, is inimitable.

Don Alhambra does his inquisitorial stuff; Gianetta and Tessa (Marjorie Eyre, who is charming in the "When a Merry Maiden Marries" number) yearn to be royal queens; Giuseppe and Marco are blended into a single republican King of Barataria, and by promptly demanding their tea show that really they are English gondoliers. The Marco (Charles Goulding) proves again how much better "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" sounds in its proper setting than it does as a concert item. Duke Lytton returns, and his tilting of a cocked hat is—again I need the over-worked adjective—inimitable. He sings of himself, teaches the twin kings to perform the gavotte sedately—but you know as well as I the action of *The Gondoliers*, and how the Inquisitor proves after all that Luiz is the royal king, and everybody rushes into everybody else's arms before dancing a fandango, cachucha, bolero.

There is a roar from in front (contributed by both the aristocrat who banks at Coutts and the aristocrat who

It must be a bit awesome for a youngish singer to think that he must acquit himself in stock rôles belonging to a lineage passing from the first George Grossmith to Sir Henry Lytton, by way of other famous names. In *The Pirates of Penzance*, however, he was the very pattern of a wordy major-general, full of quirks, resonance, and deftly recited patter. Muriel Dickson, as Mabel in this most English of the very English operas, sang like a humorous lark and was pert as a good-looking sparrow.

Let me, though, quickly pass to *The Gondoliers*, because it is one of the pieces in which Henry Lytton ap-

pears in farewell, and this may be my last chance of writing about him, unless I do so again in a 1952 autobiography. The contadine have sung of roses red and white; the gondolieri have done their tra-las; Giuseppe and Marco have sung of lagooning and mandolin-tuning. There steps from a gondola Henry Lytton, the celebrated, cultivated Duke of Plaza-Toro. Held up by the house's greeting, he stands in high boots and gold-laced hat, such as he has worn for twenty years. His breastplate has a historic dent where the Grand Inquisitor and the rest have often tapped it. He moves forward upon the Piazzetta. He sings of that over-flowing, easy-going Paladin, the Duke of Plaza-Toro; and each waggle of his wig, each tremor of the knees and flick of the hands, is inimitable.

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Memo, before passing on from *The Gondoliers*—to write Great-Aunt Margaret, in Devon, that Sydney Granville, whom she used to like so much as a baritone Giuseppe, is now excellent in Leo Sheffield's place as the Grand Inquisitor.

Ruddigore is in a different key from the others. In it, Gilbert burlesqued something away from his own Late Victorian outlook. The bold, bad baronet, the village maiden and the jolly Jack Tar are Early Victorians inherited from the reigns of George IV. and William IV. They are remoter and less specialised in their satire than are the usual Gilbert characters, and their treatment is broader.

Whereas the true-blue enthusiasts of Gilbert and Sullivan are not fervent about *Ruddigore*, casual visitors often like it better than such classics as *Patience* or *Pinafore*. I was in New York when a post-war repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan was attempted by an American company. The bold baronet piece caught on so definitely that the rest of the eight operas were abandoned, and *Ruddigore* was left to hold the box-office fort alone. (Mr. Gordon, incidentally, would not have been amused by a change in the script. "Yonkers" (the name of an outlying district which is the New York equivalent in legend of Tooting or Wigan) was substituted for "Basingstoke" as the talisman word for keeping Mad Margaret

(Continued on page xviii)



MABEL AND A POLICEMAN'S LOT:
MURIEL DICKSON, SYDNEY GRANVILLE



PARLEY-VOO HORNPIPE:
CHARLES GOULDING



MURGATROYD OF RUDDIGORE:
SYDNEY GRANVILLE

IN TOWN AND



AT THE COMBE-COKE WEDDING: LORD AND LADY BURY AND (LEFT) A FRIEND



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER



LADY AIRLIE, MRS. HOWARD VYSE AND M. PARA VICINI (THE SWISS MINISTER)

Poole, Waterford
AT A WATERFORD GYMKHANA: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD AND LADY ELIZABETH DAWNAY

WITH THE OXFORD DRAG: LADY MARY ST. CLAIR ERSKINE AND MR. AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY

If the Hon. Sylvia Coke's wedding to Mr. Simon Combe had taken place at the high tide of the London season, there could hardly have been a bigger crowd at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, for all Society's available forces in London at the moment appear to have been mobilised to celebrate. The bride is the elder of Viscount Coke's two daughters, and the bridegroom the younger son of Major and Mrs. Boyce Combe. After the wedding, they made the now customary exit by air—to Italy, where the honeymoon is being spent. Lord Bury, who is in one of the snapshots, is the Earl of Albemarle's heir. Lady Airlie, who is in another picture, is one of the bride's aunts. The Waterford Gymkhana was held at Whitfield Old Gardens and was in aid of the Kilmeaden Nursing Association. Lady Elizabeth Dawnay married a cousin of the Marquess of Waterford, Mr. Ronald Dawnay, the son of Lady Susan and the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, who used to be in the 10th. The other picture was taken at Islip, where that persevering pack, the Oxford Drag, opened their season.





NEWMARKET—AN AUTU

By LIONEL EDWARDS,



AUTUMN IMPRESSION

EDWARDS, R.I., A.R.C.A.



Garrison

THE "ROCKETER" FELL!

Every CRACK SHOT enjoys
the "odd spot"—provided it's

"BLACK & WHITE"





NORMA SHEARER'S
GREATEST
FILM, "STRANGE
INTERLUDE"

Norma Shearer, who is a Canadian, is rated one of Hollywood's intelligentsia and at the same time the greatest ambassador of a thing called chic. Her next picture was to have been a talkie version of "Smilin' Through," but then it was decided that "Strange Interlude" should intervene, and great things are anticipated. Eugene O'Neill's play may be said to be a drama of the seven ages of woman. In the other Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer film earlier in the year, Noel Coward's "Private Lives," which hardly had to be altered at all from the stage version, Norma Shearer was held to have given her absolute best-to-date performance. Juliette Compton's portrait is one of her very latest "stills," and she also is hard at work and is doing various Paramount Pictures. New York says that "Love Me To-night" is the best film in which Maurice Chevalier has ever been concerned.

MAURICE CHEVALIER
IN "LOVE ME TO-NIGHT"



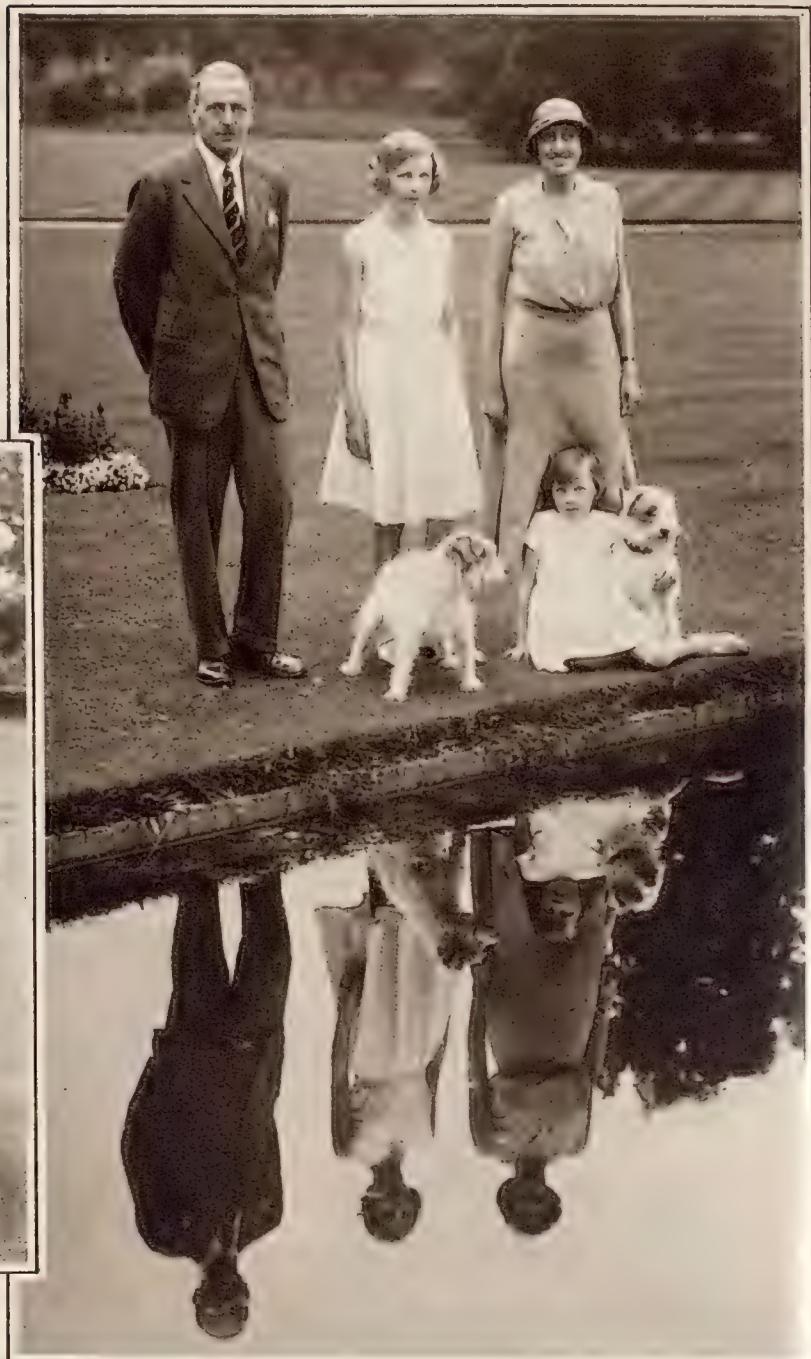
JULIETTE COMPTON

SPORTING PEOPLE

*Howard Barrett*

THE FAVOURITE WINS

Mrs. J. W. Common smilingly leading in her husband's Red Dusk (Mr. J. Fawcett up) after he had won the Greycourt Optional Selling Hurdle in convincing fashion on the second day of Hexham Steeplechases. Mr. Common trains his own horses at Langholme, Dumfriesshire

THE REV. J. S. D.
RIDER GIVES
THE WORD GO*Holloway*
CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. E. BELLVILLE
AND THEIR DAUGHTERS AT HOME*Arthur Owen*LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND SIR
RAYMOND GREENE UP IN PERTHSHIRE*Truman Howell*AT THE LUDLOW HUNTER TRIALS: MRS.
MYTON AND BRIG.-GEN. CHOLMONDELEY

A group by the lake side at Fermyn Woods Hall. Captain Bellville, the ex-Master of the Woodland Pytchley (1920-32), is one of Northamptonshire's leading and best-liked sporting personalities. He used to be in the 16th Lancers, and was severely wounded during the Retreat from Mons. Mrs. G. E. Bellville is a daughter of Count Rodolph de Kerchove

General Cholmondeley (see left), who was judging at the Ludlow Hunter Trials, had the North Shropshire for several seasons. He is the finest possible type of sportsman, with a marvellous eye for horse, hound, and country, and it is difficult to believe that he was born eighty years ago

The snapshot of Lord and Lady Ancaster's younger daughter and Lt.-Colonel Sir Raymond Greene was taken on one of the Gleneagles Hotel golf-courses. Sir Raymond lives near Melton, and was in the House of Commons for many years

SHE
WHO GETS
MURDERED
IN "COLD
BLOOD"



MISS FRANCES DAY AS THE MURDERED MINX IN "COLD BLOOD"

It is more than probable that everyone who has seen and heard all about Peggy May, the wicked little minx in Mr. Powys Mathers' new startler now at the Duke of York's, will say that she asked for it and that it served her jolly well right. Peggy May is a man-eater—there are many who are afflicted with this come-hither mania, and it is only sometimes that they get caught in the slips off some super-fast bowler. Peggy May—admirably played by the clever young blonde in these attractive pictures—is killed by the only person no one suspects of having a sufficiently strong reason for doing it. This is one Mrs. Duff-Boddington (Miss Mabel Terry Lewis), who just destroyed her because she considered her a social pest, and not because she had anything like as good reason as heaps of other people in the story. Few of us are so strong-minded



Photographs by Janet Jevons, New Bond Street



Janet Jevons

MISS JANE BAXTER IN THE CAST OF "ONCE A HUSBAND," AT THE HAYMARKET

A very strong cast, headed by Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Fay Compton, plus Mr. Owen Nares, is in this new play due at the Haymarket on Oct. 26 (to-day). Miss Jane Baxter, whose husband, Mr. Clive Dunfee, was killed in the recent deplorable accident at Brooklands plays the young girl's part. Mr. Cyril Maude is certain to get a tempestuous welcome on his return. "Once a Husband" is by "Margot Neville," the pen-name of two Australian ladies, and Brett Hay, who is also an Australian.

MARY had been told by her mistress to make meat-paste sandwiches for tea for the bridge-party. While tea was in progress, the girl came in and whispered in her mistress's ear: "Have you eaten the sandwiches, madam?"

"Why, yes," replied the hostess, looking round the table. "I think they are all eaten now."

"Oh, well," said the girl, with a shrug of her shoulders, "I suppose I'll have to clean the brown shoes with the meat paste, then."

The driver of the motor-coach pulled up, and then discovered too late that he was in the hands of bandits.

"Put up your hands," ordered one of the bandits to the occupants of the coach. "We're going to rob all the men and kiss all the ladies."

"No," remonstrated the other bandit gallantly. "We'll rob the men all right, but we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Young man," snapped a woman passenger of uncertain age and still more uncertain charms, "mind your own business! Your friend's managing this hold-up!"

A Scotch workman asked for the day off to get married. In giving him the required holiday, the manager remarked: "Well, Jock, I hope it's a good wife you're getting."

"Well," replied Jock thoughtfully, "I maun say she is God's handiwork, but she is no His masterpiece!"

"My dear," said Mr. Simpson, "we really will have to get rid of that cook. Did you ever see a more frightful chop than the one I've just put on my plate?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Simpson, "the one you've just put on mine."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

The new Presbyterian minister was greeted by an unctuous elder of his congregation after the first Sunday morning service. The elder, in addition to being unctuous, was huge and unwieldy in form.

"Minister, that was a fair sermon you gave us this morning—a little too much science, but fair. Remember, you must feed the sheep, feed the sheep."

The little minister looked his colossal adviser over carefully from head to foot, and replied: "Man, it's exercise you need, not food."

* * *

Mr. Jones was distinctly queer, and his wife decided to call in a doctor. After examining the patient, the doctor joined Mrs. Jones downstairs and pronounced his verdict.

"Either your husband is suffering from over-work, or he is suffering from excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants; it is difficult to say exactly which."

"Oh," said the anxious wife, "I'm sure it's over-work! Why, he can't even go to the theatre without hurrying out

half a dozen times to ring up one of his partners!"

* * *

He was notoriously rich, but at the same time notoriously mean. He had, however, made his will in favour of his only relative, a nephew.

"I hear your nephew is going to get married," remarked a friend one day. "I think that on that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I will," replied the miser sourly. "I'll get my housekeeper to send him a wire telling him I'm dangerously ill."

Avery
A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL!

SUPPING IN LONDON TOWN

A flash shot at the Café de Paris of Mr. C. Birkin, Lady Bridget Poulett, Mr. Charles Renshaw and Mrs. J. Ranger. Lady Bridget Poulett is Lord Poulett's sister, and she and the rest of the people in this group are very well known in Society's younger brigade

The golf instructor was approached by two girls. "Did you wish to learn golf?" he asked them. "Only my friend here," said one of the girls. "I learnt yesterday."



DEMAYER

A special afternoon treatment for important occasions

• There are occasions when faces simply must be transformed in a very few minutes. Perhaps for an unexpected appointment . . . or just to please oneself. Elizabeth Arden has a treatment especially created to do this rapidly, but thoroughly. First, a deep, kindly cleansing with Cleansing Cream, which melts as it touches the skin, leaving it immaculate, without danger of dryness or roughness. Next, a refreshing patting with Skin Tonic. Then, when the face is beautifully clean, it is ready for Anti-Wrinkle Cream . . . so rich and mellow that it is easy to understand why droopy lines and wrinkles disappear under its soothing influence. Rest for ten minutes while Anti-Wrinkle Cream is doing its work. The effectiveness of this cream in removing lines and tiredness will amaze you. After the cream is removed, give your skin another quick

patting with Skin Tonic so that it feels fresh and tingling.

• And now . . . feeling wonderfully revived . . . you are ready for the final flattering touch of make-up. The question is, just what shades of make-up? The answer is on Elizabeth Arden's clever new Colour Chart which shows, at the turn of the disc, exactly which tints of powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow and cosmetique should be worn with each new colour. When you have decided on the dress you will wear, turn to the woman on the chart who is wearing that colour, and use the make-up indicated. The Anti-Wrinkle treatment which has revivified your skin, and the perfect make-up co-ordination indicated by the Chart, will combine to make you very lovely. Just come to the Salon and ask for Miss Arden's Colour Chart. It will be given you gladly.

• The preparations required in this treatment are:

Venetian Cleansing Cream . . . Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves the skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic . . . Tones, firms, and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream . . . Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm 4/6, 8/6

and for your make-up . . .

Ardena Powder, a powder of absolute purity. A becoming warm shade for brunettes is Rose Rachel 12/6

Elizabeth Arden's Lipstick Ensemble . . . six delightful shades, to suit every mood, every gown, 32/6. Individually, 6/6

Venetian Rouge Amoretta . . . a beautiful cream that blends easily, giving a natural, soft tint. In colours to harmonize with your lipstick 7/6, 8/6

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Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

A PROPOS hounds singing, someone writes to me and says that whatever it may be, it sounds as if they were "whimpering" or "crying" more than giving expression to hilarious feelings. I am afraid I can't agree. The only thing that makes hounds and any other kind of dog low-spirited is unnecessary scolding. Like children who are treated that way, it makes them nervous. Major Tommy Bouch, that good amateur huntsman of the Belvoir, when he had "Nimrod" Jr. as his first whip and K.H., said the right word when he drew attention to this in his contribution to the Lonsdale Library. Rate them when they have done no wrong, and you can do nothing with them. Riot or ryote, to give it the original description, babbling or speaking out of their turn, just as in the case of human beings, must be suppressed, and also any disposition to ask unnecessary questions, though this latter quite often is more the fault of the man who hunts them than of the hounds, for the man who is prone to lift them too often encourages them to get their heads up and expect him to do their job for them. Let them alone and make them use their noses and their own considerable supply of common sense, and they won't be for ever looking up and saying, "Please pick up the line for us!" Scolds out hunting, or anywhere else, are an abomination, and it has often seemed to me that it is a pity that useful instrument, the Scold's Bridle, is nowadays as obsolete as the thumb-screw and the rack! That remark: "Go and see what baby is doing, and tell him he mustn't!" just about describes what I am trying to convey.

* * *

Whilst Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, per the works of the late Gilbert and the late Sullivan, is doing his best to preserve the Pirate of Romance for us, it seems a great shame to do anything in a contrary direction. But I think that both in the interests of Art and of Truth it ought to be done. The gentlemen of Bias Bay (China Seas) have done their bit in the way of knocking the bottom out of any romance attaching to their profession; but it is necessary to take things a bit further. The pirate with his skull and cross-bones on a black ground flag, his "Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!" and his nasty ways about making people walk the plank, has held the stage for far too long a period, and we have got



W. Parkinson

LORD AND LADY DERWENT AT HACKNESS

Lady Derwent is a Roumanian, and when she married, in 1929, was the Comtesse Sabine Czaykowska, and is a daughter of General Iliesco, at one time C.I.G.S. of the Roumanian Army. Lord Derwent was formerly in the Diplomatic Service



Pearl Freeman

MRS. LAVINGTON JACKS

The talented wife of Mr. Thomas Lavington Jacks, the resident Director of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. in Teheran. Mrs. Jacks is a composer of no inconsiderable talent, and much of her work has been published. Mr. Lavington Jacks has a world's best collection of *Zaris*, some of which date back to the 14th century. Some of it was lent to the Persian Art Exhibition last year

to destroy him. Here are a few facts about him which help in that direction—(a) there is only one known instance of a pirate ship having flown the skull and cross-bones: the one owned by a gentleman named Tew; (b) pirates never made their passengers walk the plank, because, for one thing, it was a nuisance to rig the contrivance, and for another there was a far quicker way of disposing of them; and (c) rum was not their only, or even their favourite, beverage. All the pirates in history did not ply their trade on the Spanish Main, where Jamaica rum was very plentiful. Their range of operations was a very wide one—the Mediterranean, our own home waters and the Indian Ocean as some instances, and also, of course, these China Seas, where the trade is flourishing so greatly to-day.

* * *

Again, only a very few pirates accorded with our conception of them. Some were quite nice men; almost all of them would far rather run than fight. One of the very few who acted the part was one Edward Teach, called "Blackbeard." He wore as many pistols as he could crowd into his waist-belt without bringing on an attack of appendicitis, and, to make himself look more Satanic, he was in the habit of fixing a burning slow-match over each ear to light up his face. Now, that is something like a Pirate King. Teach was done in eventually by Lieutenant Robert Maynard, R.N., in an action off the James River on November 17, 1718, and after being wounded in twenty-five places had to throw in his hand. Maynard cut Blackbeard's head off just to make sure, and returned to port with it nailed to the bowsprit of H.M.S. *Ranger*, the little sloop which outdid Teach's much heavier ship, the forty-gun *Queen Anne's Revenge*, a French West Indiaman, which he had captured. It was Teach who, as I think I mentioned once before, asked his gunner, Israel Hands (*vide* "Treasure Island"), into his cabin to have a drink, then blew out the candles and shot him through the knee under the table. "Blackbeard" thought this a rather humorous touch, and said that it was good for discipline!

* * *

In only one respect, according to history, did these gentlemen live up to the modern presentation of them—namely, their fondness for gaudy clothes. Gilbert, of course, knew his history very well indeed, and he based his conception

(Continued on page viii)



When the way seems very long, every step an effort, and what otherwise would be an enjoyable walk becomes sheer torture—then it is more than probable that there is something wrong with your shoes. Are your shoes giving your feet a chance? Probably not. Step in and step out in Cantilever Shoes and note the difference. Like putting on seven league shoes. Never a suspicion of fatigue in comfortable Cantilevers. Happy as the way is long, you stride the town or country like some colossus. The reason is that Cantilever Shoes were made

primarily for comfort. They are flexible like your feet and give the bones and muscles of your feet a chance to exercise themselves and thereby maintain health and strength. Again, like your feet, they have a straight inner line which gives plenty of room and avoids that squeezing and cramping of the toes which makes all walking needlessly tiring. Write to-day for illustrated booklet describing the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever store to—CANTILEVER LIMITED, NORTHAMPTON.

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MR. PERCY BRADLEY.

The presiding genius of Brooklands, to whose sympathetic help much of the success of the Brooklands Aero Club is due

ation, persuaded Mr. Leighton to lend his water-colours, with the result that those who go to Heston are the gainers.

It is through this action at Heston that the scheme of the concrete moving picture, as opposed to the cinematic, begins to unfold itself. The idea of the concrete moving picture has been successfully tried in New York by Mr. Alexander Woolcott. It had its real inspiration in the unsatisfactoriness of art galleries. When you put a picture in an art gallery you pickle it. Like tinned fruit, it may be fundamentally the same, but it has lost its freshness, its imponderable bloom, and taken on a syrupy nonentity. Art galleries may be well suited to the purpose suggested by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale in one of his earlier plays—as meeting-places for the mating instinct—but they are certainly no use for pictures, and a statutory ban might well be placed upon the exhibition of pictures in picture galleries.

Picture's place, unlike woman's, is in the home. That is the only place it can be well savoured, and therefore interest attaches to the action of Mr. Woolcott, who has succeeded in annexing a Utrillo for the wall of his room by hiring it. The owner of the Utrillo, upon Mr. Woolcott agreeing to pay so much to a given charity, allows him to have it for a given time. For those who desire pictures but cannot afford to buy the ones they want, the scheme is fascinating. It is a welcome extension of the club system, and it is to be hoped that it will be tried in England. Heston, by directing attention to it, has one more claim to the thanks of aeronauts, artists and others.

Navigation.

Captain Norman MacMillan, in the paper he read before the Royal Aeronautical Society on "Air Navigation," did well to point out the complexity of the air pilotage problems solved every day by members of the Fleet Air Arm. A Fleet Air Arm navigator employs dead reckoning to find the way, in much the same manner as the ordinary light-aeroplane pilot; but

AIR EDDIES



By OLIVER STEWART

Moving Pictures.

HESTON Airport has many claims to fame, and one of them, which has not previously been noticed, yet which is its most unusual claim, has to do with the pictures on the walls. On the walls of the two lounges are a number of water-colours by Eric Blair Leighton. They have attracted the attention of those who visit Heston on their aeronautical occasions, so, when I was there the other day, I made inquiries about them and found that they did not belong to the Airport. They are not, indeed, like the pictures of some of the more impecunious art enthusiasts among us—here to-day and pawned to-morrow; but they are visitors, guests, pictures of passage. Mr. R. P. G. Denman, who has seen to it that Heston is not only an airport, but also one of the subsidiary centres of civilis-

he employs it in a highly elaborate form, because he is for long periods without checks over the sea, and it is not only his own aircraft that is moving, but also the aircraft-carrier to which he must eventually find his way back. The carrier's position, course and speed have to be laid off along a line on the chart, and the positions of both carrier and aircraft plotted at short intervals. When a reconnaissance has been completed, the navigator must give his pilot the magnetic bearing for the return flight to the carrier.

It is hardly possible to imagine more intricate dead reckoning than is involved on these flights, and members of the Fleet Air Arm who do them are not given the credit they deserve. For some reason, their work is kept in the background, and, so far as I can remember, no attempt has been made to demonstrate it at the R.A.F. Display or anywhere else. Yet it could be demonstrated, and it is right that it should be. It has significance for private flyers, because it shows how excellent a method dead reckoning can be when it is done quickly and accurately. Another point in Captain MacMillan's paper which should be noted by the private flyer is his emphasis on the importance of preparations for a cross-country flight. The accuracy and success of the flight are determined more on the ground than in the air, and too much attention cannot be given to the preliminaries.

Over Everest.

After speed, elevation. We are turning from miles per hour to feet per minute, and the cry of the moment is "Height; more height!" The world's height record has served as an apéritif, and we have now rumours of a further attempt and of the Marquess of Clydesdale's Mount Everest Air Expedition. This expedition is being financed by Lady Houston. It seems that everything done to the glory of this country with mechanical transport vehicles is financed by Lady Houston—if it is not by Lord Wakefield. Lady Houston enabled Britain to win the Schneider Trophy, bearing the entire expenses herself, and in recognition of that fact being treated in a cavalier fashion by the Air Ministry and the Government. She now comes forward to finance the Mount Everest Air Expedition. One hates to think of the number of appeals that must be sent to her, and it is to be hoped that her advisers are utterly ruthless, and only recommend that she should aid those things likely to be of real value to the country.

I have not examined the Mount Everest Air Expedition project in detail myself, but I am told that it is well founded, and that, if it succeeds, it will attract attention of the right kind to British aircraft material. If that is so, Lady Houston's help is well merited. At the same time, the suspicion that something must be wrong in the country whose major enterprises must be financed by one person cannot be avoided. It seems that Governments of Great Britain can interfere, but can never help. Why is it that restrictive legislation of all kinds pours out from the Houses of Parliament, yet the request for constructive help is invariably met with the bluntest refusal? There seems to be no fundamental reason why a Government should confine its attentions to prohibitions,



SIR RANSFORD SLATER: JAMAICA'S NEW GOVERNOR

The new Governor of Jamaica sails on Guy Fawkes Day to take up his new charge, and his inseparable companion, seen in picture, goes with him. Sir Ransford Slater was formerly Governor of Sierra Leone (1922) and the Gold Coast (1927), and Jamaica ought to be rather a pleasant change. The photograph was taken at Sir Ransford and Lady Slater's house, Becton Croft, near Godalming, Surrey

(Continued on page xx)



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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON

Reminiscent.

THE only chapter of Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses" that I could ever make head or tail of was the last in which he was rather naughty and also as you will see I am now determined to dispense with all punctuation this is a style that seems to me eminently suitable for dealing with the Motor Show nothing like so crowded as I expected Show ketlogganooid no thanks these stories of record attendances must keep lots of people away I wonder if they really have sold all those millions of cars I'll bet I could buy one if I wanted one all the same hullo old man knew I should knock into you Show ketlogganooid let's get out of this hellish draught what do I think of it well I haven't started to look round yet so some bright lad has nicknamed it the Gold Bug too big for my little garage otherwise might think about it Show ketlogganooid eleven o'clock at the R.A.C. right you are I shall be wanting one badly by then what's this thing like a drawing-room grand that's undergone a Cæsarean section no thank you I told you before boy oh I see they park the engine in the luggage boot and the suitcases go into the bonnet well I never why didn't you let me know you were coming up the very thing I specially want to see let's go together I never know where to find these bally stands they ought to have some sort of guide oh I say I must just have a squint at this you take my tip and keep away from it Jimmy Bloomer's had nothing but tyre trouble is that all they'll allow you of course they're robbers I say that looks like a real motor car doesn't it the jolly old French still have a magic touch not in the least thank you but I'm afraid I've burnt your coat it is a wonderful job for the money much more room than there used to be you can see things without bumping into other people and the atmosphere's quite tolerable too true I was there but I left after Walton's speech I say Pybus was wet wasn't he has anybody seen a clock anywhere it must be getting on for eleven I beg your pardon but if you will suddenly stop like that what d'you expect that fellow wants traffic indicators fitted all over him I'm not sure old man haven't got the hang of the place yet myself but I think somewhere down at the other end oh are you of course I'll come round and look you up but there are just one or two things I must see by Jove it really is quite surprising what a lot of room they manage to find in these little cars well I must leave you now for a bit got an important date I didn't expect you to be punctual but you see I haven't been wasting my time it's this atmosphere that knocks me down so yes all the

soda I suppose all this electric light has something to do with it just trickling round quietly you know but I mean to see everything worth seeing well that strikes me as a deuced good idea not the same but similar now I really must go and see this new . . . * * *

Surprise Packets.

I must say that the Olympian late-comers were as nice a parcel of cars as ever you'd wish to see, and helped to give an extra cachet of distinction to an already distinguished Show. And the secrets, when revealed, were all the better for having been kept so well. My own fancy is that they were so effective that, next year, many others will return to the old-fashioned idea of waiting for the Show, and according to most authorities that will be a very good thing for all concerned. This latest Morris Twenty-five is a wonderful job, indeed. To sit in it, and to handle it, and generally to weigh it up make one very enthusiastic for so bold an example of British enterprise. There are many parts of the world, too, beside these tax-ridden islands, where it is sure of a very warm welcome. Then what an impressive creature is the Siddeley Special? Incidentally, Sir John ought to be very proud to reflect that no fewer than ten other makes now fit the pre-selective self-change gear that he pioneered over five years ago. A veritable landslide of opinion. I am willing to wager that the Special, with its exploitation of light alloys backed by so much aircraft engine experience, is very quickly going to make motoring history, for if ever a chassis were right up to date this is surely it. With its speed of about 85 m.p.h. and proportionate acceleration it should prove, with smoothness and quietness unimpaired, one of the fastest of genuine touring cars, whilst its price is to be regarded as definitely moderate. Then there is the 14-h.p. Edinburgh Riley with the Salerni fluid clutch and free selection transmission which, by the way, is to be an optional extra on the other Riley models. We will refrain from embarking upon a technical description of this gear. Suffice it to say that it eliminates all frictional connection between the engine and the

(Continued on p. xx)



BALMAIN
A NORTH BERWICK GROUP: CAPTAIN AND MRS. W. T.
LINDESAY AND THE HON. JULIAN HAWKE

Captain Lindesay is the son of the Hon. Archibald Lindesay, the brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Lindsay, and he is in the Scots Guards. The Hon. Julian Hawke is Lord Hawke's younger brother

aircraft engine experience, motoring history, for if ever a chassis were right up to date this is surely it. With its speed of about 85 m.p.h. and proportionate acceleration it should prove, with smoothness and quietness unimpaired, one of the fastest of genuine touring cars, whilst its



The Little Brother of the Road: Yes, I use that petrol meself!
The Big Brother of the Road: What for, your cigarette lighter?

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'—“*why be vague?*”



" . . . from between his broken, yellow teeth came a low, rumbling sound "

MR. LITTLESTONE, judging his time accurately from long practice, bought two platform tickets from the slot machine, stowed one in a convenient pocket for the return journey and hurried towards the crowded barrier.

Choosing a stout lady with ample luggage, he assumed an expression of meek resignation as he ranged himself one pace behind his formidable convoy. Taking off his hat, he held it over the suspicious bulge where his race-glasses hung below his mackintosh and made pretence to mop his brow.

"Eastbourne!" snapped the lady pettishly, too busy watching a barrow loaded with three trunks, two baskets, and a caged canary to notice the small, dingy, furtive figure lurking at her elbow. Mr. Littlestone said nothing but extended his platform ticket and a mute appeal for sympathy towards the ticket collector.

Ten seconds later, leaving the lady to argue with her sullen porter, Mr. Littlestone swerved sharply from the Eastbourne train and, with the help of a solicitous guard, landed upright but breathless in the last compartment of the racing special as it steamed out.

As the door banged he wiped his face in earnest, for the stout lady's hampered progress had cut things fine; with his runner on this train and a nice little bit of inside information in his head, Mr. Littlestone could not have afforded to miss the meeting. On the other hand, it would have hurt him to pay the fare; a man of very few principles, he had conscientious objections to paying for anything that could be got free.

Shoving his greasy Homburg hat upon the net provided, he took a folded newspaper and a small black book from his pocket and settled down: he was looking forward to offering a shade over the odds on Bock, favourite for the first race, with the comfortable certainty that Nantucket starting at 3 to 1 would win. Mr. Littlestone felt that his luck was in as he glanced amiably at the only other occupant of his carriage, a very large man with a soiled bandana spread across his features, billowing gently as he breathed.

Amiably—and then sharply.

Mr. Littlestone hoped against hope that his sole mobile and usually reliable eye had for this once deceived him, but the draped contours of that face were hideously familiar. Could it be?

He went as nearly pale as was possible to his naturally off-white skin, his long nose twitched uneasily at its reddened tip, his fixed, pale watery eye bulged at the sleeping passenger, while the other sought the door. But there was no escape that way; the train was gathering speed, a non-stop train without a corridor. . . .

The Outside Chance

By E. M. WINCH

A particularly explosive snore sent the handkerchief sliding downwards, exposing a low forehead with a fringe of short light stubble, two crumpled ears, and two eyelids, mercifully closed. A long shudder ran through Mr. Littlestone's spare frame-work; he edged nervously towards the farthest corner of his seat. For the worst had happened. The sleeper was Sam Barber, who, according to the bookie's reckoning, should still be enjoying the hospitality of His Majesty's prisons, and whose last words before he left his friends for a term of two years had been a desire, faithfully reported, to tear out the more vital portions of Mr. Littlestone's inside.

It has been said that the essence of a bookmaker's business is to think quickly; in any ordinary case, Mr. Littlestone was an adept at his craft. But the sight of Sam Barber less than four feet away seemed to dry up the source of inspiration. Remorse, belated but sincere, took its place. He wished profoundly that he had never seen a race-course, that he had never seen Sam Barber; above all, that he had kept

his head in the witness-box when the Public Prosecutor started inquiring into Barber's past.

On the flat, or even over hurdles, Mr. Littlestone might have backed his own chances, but without the form book he judged that the odds at the moment stood at 100 to 1 and no takers. His mind ran morbidly upon Sam Barber's achievements during his last brief, glorious bout of liberty which had terminated after fifteen minutes with some rash critics and a foot of lead piping. There was a suspicious bulge in the sleeper's pocket; by whatever means Mr. Barber had left prison he had managed to recover his stock-in-trade.

The net above the sleeper was marked "For light articles only," and it seemed doubtful whether even a feather-weight bookmaker could be included under this heading; a notice on the wall informed Mr. Littlestone that any attempt to stop the train might cost him £5. With a pious prayer that Sam might sleep soundly, Mr. Littlestone knelt down and tried to retire beneath his seat. But the railway company, probably with the best of motives, had provided a system of heating which took up most of the space.

The only chance, a slim one, seemed to lie in wriggling under the seat occupied by Sam. Very, very carefully, starting at the far end, Mr. Littlestone got his head and shoulders under cover. A lively imitation of an early worm in retreat brought the rest of his body into line, and gave him a vision of both Mr. Barber's feet comfortably extended across the floor. He was just beginning to criticize the stuff of which railway companies make their carriages when he remembered his hat.

If it had been merely a hat Mr. Livingstone might have decided upon sacrifice, but unfortunately his mistrust of fellow bookmakers had made him write his name clearly on the inside; when Sam woke, he must see the hat; that he would appropriate it must quite naturally follow, and even a slow mind might be expected to deduce correctly from the clue.

Reluctantly, and with extreme caution, Mr. Littlestone began to do Swedish exercises backwards. He had got his feet out when a whiff of dust made him sneeze.

Sam Barber yawned audibly.

"Hullo, wha'sup?" he asked sleepily. Mr. Littlestone said nothing; he could not hope that his husky but familiar voice would go unrecognized. As he himself would have put it, silence might not be quoted but it was in the running. He held his breath.

But the sight of two feet without the usual body roused Mr. Barber's bemused brain and tickled his fancy. He bent over, thrusting his out-size, dirty face upside down to within a few inches of Mr. Littlestone's horrified one, he had bellowed a cheerful "Peep-Bo!" before he realized the nature of the

(Continued on p. xiv)

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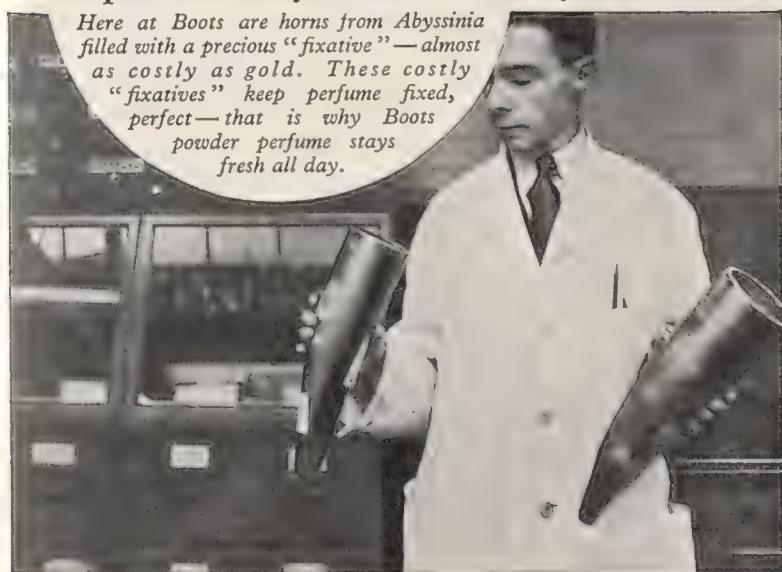
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EVE AT GOLF

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes certainly are a unique event, with a crowd that grows bigger year by year. Nobody ever plays a lonely round, for even in the earliest wives and sweethearts, at worst a brother or a mother, are to be found with each couple, and by the end of the week all the world and his wife are there—with their dogs. Some day the dog question must be discussed in detail; for the moment, there are too many other more important things to be said.

It would be easy to lament, because so many of the best people were out of the foursomes before ever last week's TATLER was printed, but once the heart is hardened there is plenty to be said for seeing new people, especially when they play as well as their supposed betters. And if you wanted the best, there was still Miss Wethered working up into something almost like her old form. To tell anybody now that she and Mr. Oppenheimer won, beating Miss Audrey Regnart and Commander Johnston 5 and 4 in the 36-hole final would be almost the equivalent of telling them that Queen Anne was dead, but one does



The Worplesdon Winners and Runners Up : Miss Wethered and her partner, Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer, with Miss Audrey Regnart and Commander J. R. Johnston. Miss Wethered's sixth victory in this event was exceedingly popular with the crowd of spectators



The Brocton Hall Open Mixed Foursomes : Mr. Eric Fiddian and Miss Molly Fieldhouse (his fiancée), who were beaten in the semi-final round by (right) Miss Mary Beard and Mr. Gordon Steward. Miss Fieldhouse is the Midland Champion

want to pay tribute, not only to the way Miss Wethered shook off her nervousness until in the end she was producing the counting shots, but also to Mr. Oppenheimer. It would hardly be too much to say that he carried the side in the early stages, and yet he did not, as many partners in like circumstances would have done, crack when the danger was past, and Miss Wethered was herself again. He was long, he was straight, his putting was a joy, not less because it was entirely without hesitation. Miss Regnart showed herself a grand fighter and a better golfer than a good many people had realized. She and Commander Johnston started nervously enough to hang an impossible millstone round their necks, but they never left off trying, and in fact played their best when nearest sinking.

The weather kept up to the last, and everybody agreed that Worplesdon had once again given them one of the best weeks of the year.

West Hill Open Meeting the next day showed that the ladies on their own could do brilliantly with nobody at all to watch them. Miss Jean Hamilton, almost the last to go out, headed the scratch and handicap lists with 76 less 3=73, her 37 home being just about as



Miss Diana Fishwick, English Close Champion and French Open Champion, won the Brocton Hall Foursomes with Mr. Andrew McNair

perfect an exhibition as you could want. Miss Dorothy Pearson's 78 had seemed fine enough till this came in to upset all calculations. Miss Hamilton really has got back into the kind of form which was hers a couple of years ago and which she showed to be no thing of the past when she beat Miss Orcutt this Spring in the Open Championship. There had been a deluge in the night which would have made many courses unplayable, but West Hill had stood up to it magnificently and it kept fine overhead as well as dry underfoot for everybody except the very early starters.

Fixtures crowd into the calendar at this time of year and Brocton Hall Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament is very wisely fixed on a week-end, so that men should find it easier to get there, and defeated couples from Worplesdon could soothe their pride by having a second chance. Miss Diana Fishwick and Mr. Andrew McNair were, of course, a fresh combination, but Miss Mary Beard and Mr. Gordon Steward were an old one, what is more, a very good one.

The course was in perfect order, the greens particularly good, and there was a delightful atmosphere of welcome and hospitality at the club. That seems one of those events which are bound to grow in popularity, and to win it would console many a Worplesdon loser. For three years it has

been held by the Midland Champion, Miss Molly Fieldhouse, and Mr. Eric Fiddian, the Walker Cup player and English Champion and Amateur runner-up. Mr. Fiddian unluckily did not live up to his true form, and they were beaten in the semi-final by Miss Mary Beard and Mr. Gordon Steward. In the other semi-final Miss Fishwick and Mr. McNair beat a local couple, Miss Noreen Nesbitt and Mr. John Bloor, 2 up; but then Miss Fishwick was no nearer her true form than Mr. Fiddian, and a rare fright they had had in the round before when Mrs. Peter Wilson (who won the Irish when she was Miss Wanda Stuart French) and Mr. W. Fowke were 3 up on them in the early stages. As for the final, Miss Fishwick's side was actually 4 down at lunch time, although Mr. McNair played supremely well, because Mr. Steward played just as well, and Miss Mary Beard backed him up splendidly. Never was there a more complete reversal of fortune than came in the afternoon. Mr. Steward holed a fine putt for a birdie 3 at the 19th, and that was the last winning shot that either of them produced. Not only did Mr. McNair go on playing thoroughly impressive golf, but Miss Fishwick found her game again, and the end was 3 and 2 in their favour.

IN OUR MODEL DRESS DEPARTMENT



Photograph by Shaw Wildman

we
designed
the
perfect
afternoon
frock

The interesting cut of the dress, with a waist line that mounts in front and dips at the back—the broken surface of the black crêpe-frissona that just is not satin and just is not crêpe—the brilliant Mussolini colours of the crinkle silk collar—they all contribute to the success of our newest inspiration in afternoon frocks.

It is worn by Miss Elizabeth Jenns, who is one of the loveliest of the "Children of the Ritz" in Noel Coward's "Words and Music."

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the highway of fashion

IT may be fur, it may be felt, or it may be velvet; it really is a piece of material that is draped in unexpected ways, and is christened a beret, then adjusted at an amusing angle on the head. Of course, the greater part of the hair must be revealed. Sometimes there is a curious projection over the left eye; it rather suggests the propeller of an aeroplane. A jewelled pin or motif is used for decorative purposes; its mission is to emphasize some particular feature of the beret.



By M. E. BROOKE



THE new silhouette is by no means easy to acquire. The "odd" skirt for which there is a vogue will not stay in position unless it has a perfect background. Now a new conceit or prop has made its début; it is really a belt that is destined to be worn in addition to the corset and brassière; it is lightly boned and made of an elastic fabric. Not only does it support the skirt, but it persuades the figure to take unto itself the new Empire Directoire silhouette and overcomes the tendency to a sway back. It is Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street, who are making a feature of introducing telling touches of colour or, as they prefer to call it, cheering up a black or sombre coloured frock; they also believe in placing a restraining hand on dresses whose colours may be rather too gay. A lovely evening dress of tissue that shades from sunrise silver to almost a cherry nuance is companioned with a velvet coat of "creamed" burgundy velvet. For the black dress there is a variety of miniature capes; one of matt and glace sequin is 39s. 6d., and there are others of gold sequins, to say nothing of the velvet ones in gay colours.



THE route to smartness this season leads to the ensemble, of which there are many becoming and novel developments at Barrance and Ford's, King's Road, Brighton. Two views are given of the model on this page, of which one may become the possessor for 10½ guineas; it is made of velour in its latest guise with a becoming diagonal weave. The coat, although it is semi-fitting, is cut on Princess lines; it is enriched with a fabric fur which bears a striking resemblance to Persian lamb; the dress is reinforced with a scarf which is passed through slots. The wrap coat in the background is expressed in a woollen material with a boucle finish, and is generously trimmed with sable-dyed stranded squirrel. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are coats with fur collars from three to eighteen guineas. Here are likewise to be seen corduroy velvet gloves with cape palms, and gauntlets for 15s. 11d.

Photographs by Blake

GOWNS for Evening Wear

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Evening Ensemble in one of the Craquelle crêtes; the graceful lines are achieved by the shaped inset band, and gauged double bow which is also introduced on the detachable cape. In black and good colours.

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Evening Gown, copy of a Mainbocher model, in rich quality reversible satin; the fringed scarf can be arranged in many ways, beautiful shaded roses at waist. In black, white and attractive evening colours. Several sizes.

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Debenhams Ltd.

FURS OF GREAT CHARM AND BEAUTY

BEAUTIFUL furs—ermine, breitschwanz, Persian lamb, and mink cut on slender, smart lines—are seen at the fashionable day and evening rendezvous, many of which have been designed and carried out by Bradleys of Chepstow Place. To them must be given the credit of the veritable triumphs of the furrier's art pictured on this page; an important feature is the artistic working of the skins. The cape on the right is expressed in pure white Russian ermine. It must be mentioned that this firm buys skins direct, design exclusive models, and make them up on their own premises in London



BRADLEYS have designed, with their usual skill, the fur wrap above; it is made of black lamb and silver fox and may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the prospective wearer; there is a muff to match. It must be related that there are single fox ties from $16\frac{1}{2}$ guineas, while two-skin stoles are from 33 guineas. By the way, there are ties in pointed sepia fox (dyed red) for $6\frac{1}{2}$ guineas. The new brochure is ready and will gladly be sent on application

STUDIES in contrast are this fur coat reinforced with a cape and the capelet enriched with fox. They are, however, both expressed in Russian ermine, and are sure to go to many modish evening functions during the ensuing months

A CALL TO THE COLOURS



The idea of a lifetime! And it all happened because Younger London turned a seeing eye on her brother's brilliant blazer. It came to her in a flash that 'varsity, school and Service stripes would make the most flattering colour schemes for her sweaters. Think of the Old Etonian with his turquoise on black! The Guards with their dark blue and maroon. Yale with forget-me-not and white. Then there is the Navy, the R.A.F., the Old Harrovians, the Green Jackets, Trinity Cambridge, the Kandahar Ski Club, and oh, simply hundreds of others with colours just as apt and stimulating. Nicolls have made them all into the most entrancing sweaters London has ever looked on for **2 gns.**—scarf to match **1 gn.** You will find them in our Younger London Department in charge of Lady Doria Childe. Will you call or write to her there about the particular regiment, college or club in which you are interested? If the colours are not in stock we shall be delighted to have them specially woven for you—without any extra charge.

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD., 114-120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. 'PHONE: REGENT 1951

from

Younger

London

•

NICOLLS

of

Regent

Street

A charming study of **LADY DORIA CHILDE**, the elder daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, wearing one of the new Nicoll sweaters in Old Etonian colours.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—cont.



ELD
Fulton



There is no doubt about it that Druce's of Baker Street are in the enviable position of being able to supply simple, smart, and practical fashions at pleasantly moderate prices. They are responsible for the fancy diagonal velour coat collared with American opossum pictured above; it is slightly shaped at the waist and the sleeves are decidedly new; although it is lined throughout in the fashionable shades and in two sizes it is 73s. 6d. The dress which accompanies it is of dull finished marocain, and of it one may become the possessor for 47s. 6d. It must not be overlooked that there are featherweight velour hats for 12s. 11d.

Many new notes in jumpers will be introduced to those who visit Margery Willis' salons (23, Brompton Road, seven doors from Sloane Street). Illustrated on this page is a wool model that is a study in blue and black; it is also available in other colour schemes and costs 29s. 11d. Important features are the cowl drapery, the simulated bolero, and the fullness of the sleeves above the elbows. Then there are diagonally striped jumpers for 14s. 11d. It must also be related that there are locknit knickers for 2s. 11d.; then all wool vests with brassière tops and low backs are 2s. 11d., and this is likewise the cost of knickers

During four generations the house of Elvery, 31, Conduit Street, have been building up an enviable reputation for wet weather wear. They are responsible for the tailored weatherproof coat on the left—it is lined throughout and costs £6 6s.—note the military atmosphere, which is particularly modish this season. Now for hunting it is essential that the right coat be chosen, which most assuredly is Elvery's Cottesmore; it is a riding waterproof specially designed for the side saddle, it fits comfortably over the knees and affords protection in the worst of weathers; it is 3½ guineas. Again there are coats for riding astride



A great Victorian satirist wrote "never give a woman anything she cannot wear in the evening" . . .

May I, as a woman, suggest that something to wear any time of the day is equally acceptable . . . from

The

Margaret Barry Blouse Shop

FORTY-TWO SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1

AND 64, NEW BOND STREET

AND 18, BROOK STREET

A TRIO OF MODISH EVENING FROCKS

That were Warmly
Applauded



THE fashions at Asprey's Dress Parade were warmly applauded, many of them being designed by Peggy Morris, who has a wonderful flair for creating something different. Among her triumphs was a pink lace evening dress; it silhouetted the figure, and then with a daring that was fully justified the scheme was completed with a brassière-like drapery of garnet velvet. The model above is expressed in black ring velvet, the Victorian note being emphasized by a drapery of a crinkled moss-like fabric

WOOL fabrics for evening dresses have achieved a success that was most unexpected. An important feature of the white model above is the twisting and spreading of the braces; as will be seen a symmetrical note is introduced and the waist-line is slightly raised

HERE is a black velvet ensemble; the charm of the dress is somewhat dimmed by the graceful coat; it is stitched and reinforced with a white and black velvet scarf which crosses in front and is loosely knotted at the back



Wherever an Englishman travels, whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A".

CARE and pride is taken by Carreras in making CRAVEN "A" Cigarettes to that standard from which smokers rarely change; Arcadia Works is an idealistic expression of the most enlightened practice in Cigarette Manufacture. Throughout the whole of the Tobacco Industry no better conditions exist for the production of good cigarettes.

CRAVEN "A" is the outstanding example among "straight" Cigarettes: No Coupons, No Gifts, No Competitions—nothing but the inherent value of the Cigarette. Craven "A" are smoked every day in their millions by men and women who prefer them to all others and who buy them regularly year in, year out many have done so, without change, for well into two figures of years.

All the goodness which Carreras so sincerely put into Craven "A" is maintained within the packings. Moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" around every packet, and the "TRU-VAC" hermetically sealed circular tins effectively KEEP-OUT dampness, dryness, dust and dirt and SEAL-IN the fragrant FRESHNESS of packing time. Wherever, whenever you buy, Craven "A" are Factory-fresh—THEY NEVER VARY.



Arcadia Works (London), set the highest standard in both precept and practice of Cigarette making.



*Twenty..1'- Fifty..2'6
Hundred..5'*

*There are also
Craven Plain Cigarettes:*

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A".

CAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 166

of the gentlemen of Penzance upon this known fact. Tew the Pirate was peculiarly fond of over-dressing, and he wore a diamond cross suspended by a heavy gold chain—plus, a very large number of weapons of all sorts. He is, I think, the only known case of a pirate who was a teetotaller and most religious! But he scuttled ships and cut throats by the hundred—a quaint mixture rather like Byron's Lambro. The modern Tew and Teach (in China) have not yet reached their full measure of development. When they do they will use super-submarines and fast bombing sea-planes.

* * *

Fired with enthusiasm over the Olympia Motor Show—at least so I expect—a gentleman known as the Dalai Lama has bought a car. The exact make is not stated, but it will have to be a really good climber. One of the passes into the Dalai Lama's breezy country has a gradient of one in one and a half for over five miles. This is a gateway called the Siboo-Lah. I've been over it, so I know. Two others which I have also encountered, the Gnathu-Lah and the Jelap, are pretty nearly as steep. However I am sure that the Dalai Lama could go to the Motor Show, shut his eyes, and stick a pin in anywhere. According to my fellow slave, "Petrol Vapour," all cars are so good nowadays that nothing can defeat them. They are all super. The Dalai Lama as I knew him in his present incarnation is not a pretty gentleman, bullet-headed, heavily small-pox marked, and with an



POLO IN THAYETMYO, BURMA

The officers of the 1st Bn. 17th Dogras, winners of a recent tournament. The names, left to right, are: 2nd Lieut. E. J. Martin, Lieut. E. G. Woods, Captain E. H. P. Mallinson, and Lieut. F. I. Wallace. Although the Burma Rebellion may be said to have officially come to an end some months ago, regular troops are still required in certain stations "up country" to prevent any repercussions and support the police in dealing with Dacoities—i.e., robbery under arms. Thayetmyo is one of these stations situated in the centre of the rebellion area. It is a dull job—hence polo which the regiments on sentry-go play twice a week

Idiot Boy expression, so perhaps motor goggles and a bump helmet may rather improve his appearance. The pictures which have been published in the London Press I am sure must be of someone else.

* * *

My unknown friend, "John Thorburn," who lives somewhere in Cheshire, and apparently knew me that time when I was there—main purpose fox-hunting, and by bad luck a hairy adventure at the Oulton Park fire—has just sent me his latest book, "Three's Company" (*Country Life*). It is just as charmingly written as "Hildebrand," his first book. That was a first-rate book for children from eight to eighty, and "Three's Company" is just such another, the record of a nice person who understands that children so quickly see through anyone who merely *tries* to be funny—and, of course, fails—and treats them as if they were little anthropoid apes. To write for children is an art born in the person who does it. It is impossible to acquire it or learn it. In this book I rejoice to meet again Hildebrand (a horse), Orace (a man), and Hengist and Horsa (foxes), and am charmed to make a whole lot of other friends, amongst them Shoo (a cow—very stupid and a certain winner of the booby prize at the annual cow gymkhana), the Khaki Campbells (ducks), and a whole lot more, and I am sure that they ought to be on everyone's visiting list. They are delightful people, and the little girls are very lucky young creatures to possess an uncle like "John Thorburn." My heartiest felicitations.



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HERE is a selection of Benson wrist watches—sturdy little timekeepers fitted with lever movements of strong construction. Benson's have proved, by very severe tests, that for wrist wear, these watches are suited perfectly and Benson's warranty of reliability accompanies every one. The prices represent *real* value because Benson wrist watches long outlast others of ordinary make.

* Payment for anything selected from Benson's stocks can be spread over a period to suit customers' convenience. The cash price only is paid, no interest being charged for credit facilities. Enquiries are invited.

Inspect Benson's large stock at their showrooms or write for free illustrated catalogues. Benson's issue catalogues of their wrist and bracelet watches, pocket watches, rings, jewellery, clocks and electric clocks, plate, etc.

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There is no question of charge. The resources of the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons are placed fully and freely at the disposal of every discriminating woman who wishes to consult them.

If you live out of town and cannot call, write to the same address for the special Harriet Hubbard Ayer Beauty Booklet. It is written by a specialist, and has already helped thousands of women to improve their looks.

LUXURIA... foundation of all beauty 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9

EAU DE BEAUTÉ 4/-, 8/-

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Also Gravy, Julienne, Green Pea, Vegetable, Cream of Artichoke, Tomato, Cream of Celery at 9d. and 7d., and Cream of Asparagus 11d. Cream of Tomato 8½d. and 6d.

Prices do not apply to Irish Free State.

Ask your Grocer for
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S SOUPS

royds

New Year Weddings.

There is to be a very quiet wedding in the New Year between Mr. Grenville Murray Burton, the youngest son of Mr. E. L. Burton and the late Mrs. Burton of Spencer House, Stansted, Essex, and Miss Jessie Duncan, the younger daughter of the late Mr. James Duncan and of Mrs. Duncan of Dunoon, Green Lane, Mossley Hill, Liverpool; some time in January. Captain Oswald F. Stein, D.S.O., late Grenadier Guards, the son of Mr. J. Stein of Woodlawn, Guildford, is marrying Miss Susan Daly, the daughter of Major-General A. C. Daly and Mrs. Daly of Coggeshall House, Coggeshall, Essex.

Next Month.

Mr. Alec Sugden Lockwood, Irish Guards, and Miss Jacqueline (Babs) Mayer are being married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on November 2; another November wedding is that taking place on the 16th between Lieut.-Commander Stephen Barry and Miss Johns, which is to be a very quiet one at Holy Trinity Church, Old Wolverton, Bucks.

In December.

Some marriage in December, Mr. R. M. Gybbon Monypenny, Ceylon Civil Service, the son of the late Mr. H. d'A. Gybbon Monypenny and Mrs. Gybbon Monypenny of Didcot, Wallingford, is marrying Miss

White, Bexhill
MISS PEGGIE HODGE

Whose engagement was recently announced to Dr. Humphrey A. Gilkes, M.C., Rhodesian Medical Service, son of the late Rev. A. H. Gilkes and Mrs. Gilkes, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hodge of Larkhill, Egerton, Kent

WEDDINGS
AND
ENGAGEMENTSLenare
MRS. FRANCIS BACH

Whose marriage took place on October 5 to Dr. Francis Bach, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Bach of 35, Rosary Gardens, S.W. Before her marriage she was Miss Matine Thompson, and is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Thompson of 94, Portland Place, W.

Vandyk
MISS DENISE HENN

The youngest daughter of Sir Sydney Henn, K.B.E., and Lady Henn of 6, Evelyn Gardens, S.W., who is to marry Mr. Edward Francis Boscowen Moore, the youngest son of the late Captain G. H. Moore, R.N., and the late Mrs. Moore

Talbot, the daughter of the Master of Haileybury and Mrs. Talbot; Dr. Alain Cuenot, the eldest son of Professor L. Cuenot, Membre de l'Institut de France, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, and of Madame Cuenot (née de Maupassant) of 89, rue de Metz, Nancy, France, and Miss Ethel Mary May, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. May of Shinfield Road, Reading; Dr. Richard Vaughan Payne, the son of Dr. and Mrs. O. V. Payne of Alton, Hants, and Miss Zoe Mary Williams, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Williams, West Woodhay, Newbury; Mr. Williams Frederick Bretton, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bretton of Grimethorpe, Yorkshire, and Miss Mary Hope Rokeyby Robinson, the younger daughter of the late Major and Mrs. Ernest Rokeyby Robinson.

The Perfect-Finish to your New Ensemble

FOR THE
WINTER SEASON

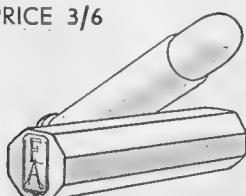
Specially tinted paste rouge made by Eleanor Adair to maintain that youthful glow.

Geranium
Maiden's Blush
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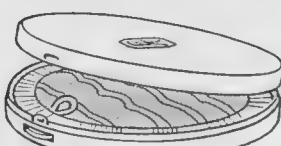
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Be sure to have your lip pencil to match your rouge.

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For your handbag, Eleanor Adair's new Poudre Compact in attractive chromium cases fitted with her special powder in all shades.

PRICE 3/6

The new waterproof cosmétique, blended in Corbeau, Brown and Black.

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Ganesh Face Powder. A superfine powder in all shades.

2/- to 12/6 per box.

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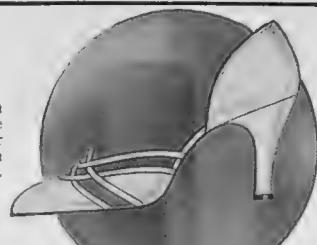
BRUSSELS: 51, Avenue Louise. PARIS: 5, Rue Cambon.
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NEW YORK and COLOGNE

Olive York, the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. York and Mrs. York of L'Abri, Sandbanks, Bournemouth.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

Captain George Fellowes Prynne, the Border Regiment, the son of the late Mr. Edward A. Fellowes Prynne, R.B.A., and Mrs. Prynne of Ealing, and Miss Mary Reynolds, the younger daughter of Mr. Frank Reynolds, R.I., the Art Editor of *Punch*, and Mrs. Reynolds; Mr. John Rouse Carbonell, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Carbonell of Eastaway, Westleigh, Bideford, and Miss Dorothy Helen



J.5628. White satin and crêpe de chine fancy court shoe for dyeing. Also in black . . . 30/-



H.5657. White crêpe de chine sandal shoe for dyeing. Also in black . . . 35/-



H.5656. White crêpe de chine sandal shoe for dyeing. Also in black . . . 38/6



B.4643. Brown glacé kid court shoe. Also in blue, or black glacé kid . . . 38/6



E.4747. Brown willow calf court shoe. High leather heel. Also in black box-calf . . . 27/6



C.4798. Brown willow calf walking shoe with crocodile insertion . . . 55/-

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THIS HOME DINNER GOWN reflects the most modern trend in Evening Fashions. It is designed on quite original "wrap-over" lines most becoming to all figures.

In rich black velvet, trimmed with Black Fur and finished with a spray of White Camellias . . . 16½ Gns.

In black velvet to order, price
12½ Gns.

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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

I hope all members are now preparing for our Members' Show, to be held on November 29 at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square. This is one of the most central places in London, quite near Victoria Station, and well lighted and well warmed. Those of us who can remember the old members' shows in the old Horticultural Hall remember what fun they were, and it is up to the present generation of members to make this show an equal success, and I am sure they will.

* * * *

There is something very attractive about a big dog—he usually has a dignity and impressiveness all his own. Various wrong ideas prevail about him, one being that a big dog takes a lot to keep, the other that he takes up a lot of room. A big dog eats no more than any of the smaller breeds, while as for room and exercise he is actually less trouble than a spaniel or a terrier, as he does not require much exercise and "stays put" in a way that a smaller and more excitable dog does not. Another advantage of a big dog

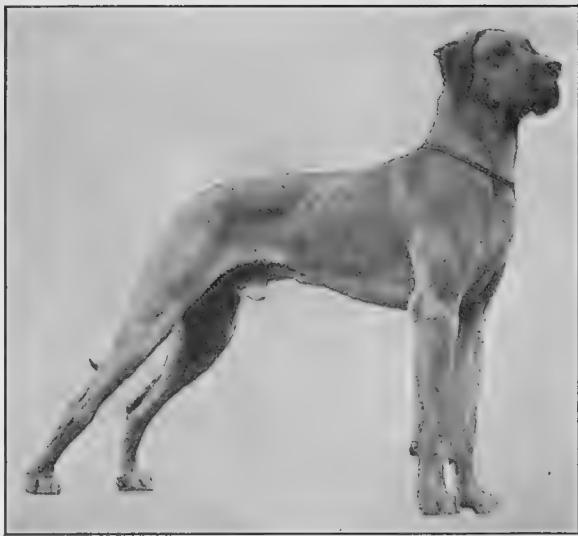
is as a guard;

few

people would care to face the deep bark and awe-inspiring appearance of the Great Dane Darrason of Ouborough, whose picture we give. He is the property of Mrs. Lee Booker and has won over seventy prizes. Mrs. Lee Booker cannot speak too highly of the Great Dane as a house companion, and finds him specially good with children. She has two lovely dog pups for sale, three months old, very big and sound; prices moderate.

* * *

The keeshond has definitely passed his time of probation and has come to stay. He has



DARRASON OF OUBOROUGH

The property of Mrs. Lee Booker



PIET VAN MAERLANDT

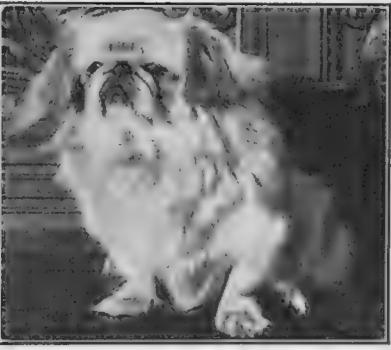
The property of Mrs. Courthope Last

established himself very quickly as it is only a very few years ago that classes were first given for him and now they are well filled and one sees keeshonds about. He is a strikingly handsome dog and has a charming disposition, being especially good with children. Mrs. Courthope Last sends a photograph of her good dog, Piet van Maerlandt. Piet is a very handsome dog, and has done a lot of winning. Mrs. Courthope Last wishes to sell him as she has too many. He would do well for anyone wishing to start the breed as he is very well bred.

* * *

There is something about a Pekinese which compels everyone to admiration. Pekinese cannot possibly be described as "toys"; they certainly have mighty hearts in their little bodies. The arrogant look which distinguishes the Pekinese does not belie his character: he knows he is a personality and expects to be, and usually is, treated as such. This accounts for his continued popularity. Even in the bad times Miss Douglas writes she has had more enquiries than ever before—but Miss Douglas owns one of the best-known kennels of Pekinese in Scotland. She sends a

photograph of Abigail of Broughty.



ABIGAIL OF BROUGHTY

The property of Miss Douglas

Published by kind permission of "Courier and Advertiser," Dundee

gail of Broughty. Abigail has won four firsts at her last three championship shows—Belfast, Sheffield, and the Scots K.C.; at this last show she won the trophy for the best bitch bred and owned by a resident in Scotland. Miss Douglas says: "I have some adorable puppies for sale, eight weeks old, including a black miniature. Prices moderate." Miss Douglas lives at Broughty Ferry, which is distinctly bracing in the winter, so the puppies are all hardy and healthy.

* * *

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Advice can go to the winds

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It's asking a lot too much nowadays to say 'Stop drinking cocktails.' After all it's a troubled and quick moving world and a chap's just got to enjoy himself sometimes.

Here's sound advice. Use a good gin which mixes well and blends with the other ingredients.

Use Holloway's London Dry . . . double-distilled and crystal clear. It's a conservative spirit even when liberally used . . . always

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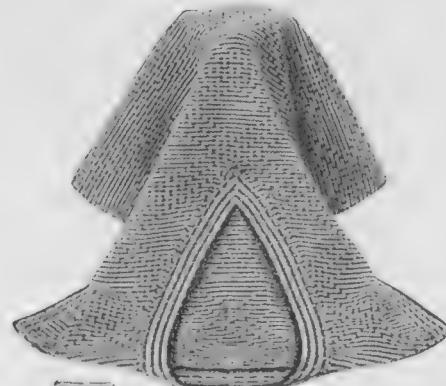
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It is a matter of satisfaction to know that if one shops at Gieves, quality, value and individual attention are assured. A choice collection of Autumn requisites for Town and Country wear now await your selection.



Miss Frances Doble,

playing a leading part in "While Parents Sleep" at the Royalty Theatre, London, writes :

I AM afraid I am rather unlike most actresses, in that I am very seldom, if ever, to be seen on the golf links or the tennis court—or anywhere, in fact, that brings the complete change of surroundings so necessary for the resting of the theatrical mind. This is due to some extent to the fact that sports and pastimes do not particularly commend themselves to me, but chiefly it is due to the great shortage of spare time that there has been in my life during the last few years. Repertory, repertory, and again repertory and then a strenuous tour or two—these have been my pleasant but rather arduous lot—and these have meant a great strain on my nerves. Phosferine has been, in these few years, a great friend to me; indeed, I have always been able to do my work, I am glad to say, without any undue discomfort, with hardly a day 'off parade'—and to Phosferine I feel I owe my especial thanks."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

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1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.

The Outside Chance—continued from p. 172

meeting. Instantaneously his grin faded; his loose-lipped mouth fell open, and from between his broken, yellow teeth came a low, rumbling sound.

Mr. Littlestone gripped the wooden stay of the seat with both hands; he pressed his small body into the wall as a clam clings to its rock. With the imminence of death his numbed mind sprang to action.

"Sam!" he cried. "Well, fancy seeing you!"

"Come out o' that," said Mr. Barber briefly, and reached a long, muscular arm in groping for a hold.

Mr. Littlestone locked both feet round the end stanchion, but continued with increasing, even feverish cordiality:

"A bit of luck, I call it—and to-day of all days! I was saying to myself this morning, 'If only ole Sam was out of the coop I'd be able to do him a good turn ——'"

"Ho!" said Mr. Barber, dropping to the floor to get a better view of his quarry. "Ho! And I s'pose you didn't happen to think what I'd do to you, did you? You slimy, double-crossing little ——"

It took him so long to embroider this part of his theme to his liking that Mr. Littlestone had time to perfect the stratagem that had sprung ready-coined into his brain. On the tail of his speech Sam's hands flew out, getting a good grip on the bookie's waist-line; Mr. Littlestone, yielding inch by inch to superior force, began to reason with his one-time friend.

"Sam, don't you act so foolish," he begged, doing a backbend that would have done credit to a ballet dancer while his feet and hands held firm. "Bygones are bygones, ain't they? Ouch!" The last syllable was involuntary as Sam gave a mighty tug that nearly snapped the bookie's backbone. "If it was a question of money, I could help you—and I've the nap of a lifetime—s'help me, I have . . ."

Sam Barber said nothing but breathed heavily, as with a final wrench he pried the bookie loose and fell backwards against the opposite seat. The check was momentary. Before the other could rise Sam flung himself forward, pinning his enemy down and pressing both knees into his ribs. He pulled out a short length of lead piping and spat on both hands with an air of a man well content.

Psychology was a word which Mr. Littlestone would have classed as hard swearing, but he was familiar with its meaning; the lead rose.

"Straight from the stable," urged Mr. Littlestone on a note of pleading and regret. Never again in his life would he equal the real, talented acting he put into those four words.

The lead hovered. Dead men tell no tales, but on the other hand they give no tips. Suspicion glimmered in Sam Barber's broad, red face, it lurked in his eyes, packed high between bone and scant, pale lashes. But his hand wavered.

Mr. Littlestone, pinned helpless, gabbled from the side of a twisted mouth.

"It's God's truth, Sam—the chance of a lifetime—money for nothing. I'd make it twenty quid down, and you'd get 100 to 8 if you put it on with Joe Baker—he was offering tens last night at the club. I happen to know there's stable money on ——"

The hope of every man that follows the turf is to get on to information so much inside that it is like being with the yolk of an unbroken egg. Sam Barber's right hand sagged, his small eyes glittered. But the pressure of his left hand on Mr. Littlestone's collar-bone did not relax.

"Well, what's the 'orse?" he demanded, gruffly.

There was a meaning silence that seemed packed with words.

Sam's left hand loosened, his knees released their grip, but he asked, "'Ow'm I to know you're not pitching me a yarn?'"

Mr. Littlestone contrived to look aggrieved.

"Ain't I said I'd give you twenty quid?" he pointed out shrewdly. But his roving eye stole an anxious, oblique glance at Sam's face. "What'd be the sense of me giving you a cross, then? I ain't said bet with me, have I? Well, what good'd it do me if you lose?!"

The sound sense of this argument sank slowly into Mr. Barber's one-way mind.

"That's right," he admitted dubiously. But he glanced lovingly at the length of lead, regretfully at Mr. Littlestone's sparsely covered scalp, before he stowed the weapon in his pocket and got up.

Mr. Littlestone rose slowly, and dusted the soot of many tunnels from his mackintosh; he mopped his head and sighed.

Sam shuffled impatiently.

Rather hurriedly, Mr. Littlestone got out a pocket-book and extracted, slowly, four elderly five-pound notes. Mr. Barber grunted, and stowed them into his own inner pocket. They had an immediate and emollient effect, for he asked again, cheerfully, "Well, what's the 'orse?"

Mr. Littlestone winked knowingly; he was shaken, but his wink showed that his brain still functioned.

"What kind of a gory fool d'you take me for?" he demanded, without heat. "I'll tell you quick enough, Sam, when the train stops."

Continued on p. xvii

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

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Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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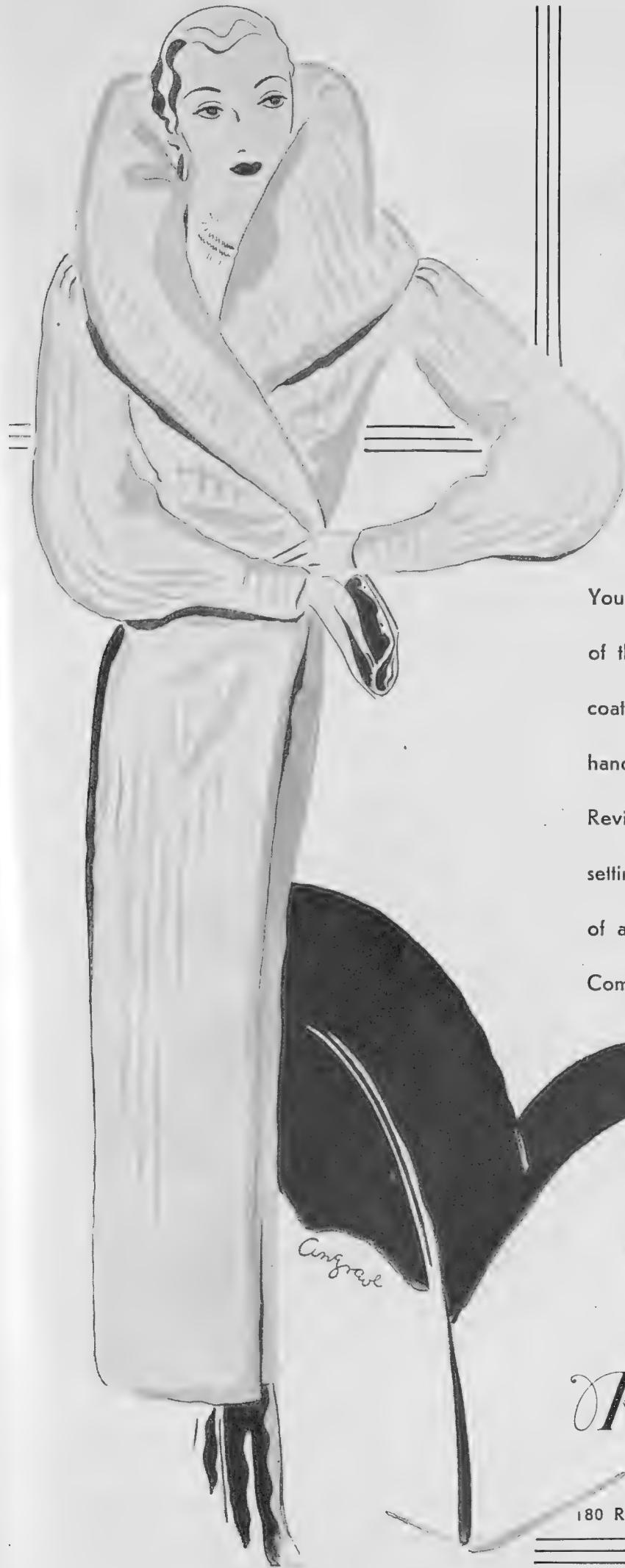
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The Outside Chance—continued from p. xiv

The justice of this was manifest. Sam sat down, and to mark the end of hostilities, offered the bookie a packet of rather crumpled gaspers. They smoked in silence, and only a more observant man than Mr. Barber would have noticed that odd twist in Mr. Littlestone's mouth which served him for a smile.

When the train slowed at the platform he grinned suddenly and nervously at the big man. He stood up, reached for his hat and with one hand on the door handle, spoke.

"Weeping Willie," he said impressively. "It's standing at tens, but if you go to Baker he'll give you 100 to 8—and mark my words, Sam, it'll beat the book."

With that final prophecy, Mr. Littlestone leaped lightly to the platform; he drew a heavy breath, like a man who wakes out of a nightmare and hurried towards the Pullman where Joe Baker always travelled with others of the Ring.

"I want just a word with you, Joe." It only needed a whisper as Baker descended; Mr. Littlestone appeared to be looking in a totally different direction negligently as he spoke. Then, without waiting for more, he hurried to the barrier where, in the thick of the crowd, Sam's big form loomed ahead; Mr. Littlestone, giving his friend time to pass the barrier, took the opportunity to stare at the ticket which the nearest passenger held ready. The number was clearly visible. Mr. Littlestone courteously moved back and let that passenger, with others, take precedence.

"Gave you my ticket just now," he said briefly, when it came to his turn. "Number's 9774."

"That's right," admitted the collector.

Two minutes later, walking briskly and alone towards the course, Joe Baker joined him, unobtrusively keeping a pace behind.

"Joe," murmured Mr. Littlestone. "Pal o' mine over there"—he nodded towards Sam's unconscious back—"he's coming to you to lay a bet, take it and give him a bit over the odds, will you? I'll stand the shot."

"What's the game?" whispered Mr. Baker.

"Tell you later," promised Mr. Littlestone, untruthfully, as he hurried on towards the entrance to the silver ring.

But he was well pleased with himself; Weeping Willie, a rank outsider, had no chance at all. Within a short time that £20 should have passed safely back into Mr. Littlestone's pocket. And, as he could

point out, justly, racing is always a gamble, even when the stable has money on. Nantucket had never looked better; the odds were shortening, since the big raking chestnut liked soft going. On the whole Mr. Littlestone felt cheerful as he turned about upon his stool and levelled his race-glasses to watch the start.

And he smiled slightly as he saw Weeping Willie at the outer rails, a dab of scarlet above black, impatient to be off and carry Mr. Littlestone's money safely back into his pocket.

The grass looked marvellously green after the rain, the white rails stood out as though freshly painted, the sky was blue, the young green of the chestnuts made a gay back-ground for the horses as they raced round the turn; but Mr. Littlestone cared nothing for the romance of the turf; to him, as to the rest of the drab crowd that surged behind the high iron railings, a race was a race, a matter of business. As Weeping Willie's scarlet dropped away, as Nantucket's yellow took the lead and held it, Mr. Littlestone put his race-glasses away. The finish was a certainty now. He glanced at the waving arms of his runner as the winner passed the post, but without interest: Nantucket, Bock, Stout Feller.

But he did cast an anxious look at Sam Barber as he went by towards the exit gate.

"No luck!" He tried to put on an expression of regret. "Going too soft."

Sam nodded, waved a hand lightly; evidently he bore no malice. Mr. Littlestone gave a light sigh of relief as he turned back to business.

But he took the precaution of travelling in the Pullman on his way back to town. Joe Baker had his usual seat, and it seemed a good opportunity to settle.

"What about that bet with my pal, Joe?" asked Mr. Littlestone.

"What do you owe me—twenty quid was it?"

Joe tipped his big cigar and scowled above it.

"What d'ye mean, twenty quid?"

"I said I'd stand the shot," insisted Mr. Littlestone, for once bewildered. "You took the bet for me; what did he bet?"

Joe took out his cigar.

"Let's get this straight," he said, and there was bone in his thick voice. "You said he was a pal of yours, didn't you? Well, he was going to back Weeping Willie, so I told him to put his money on something that had a chance. He backed Nantucket, and I gave him a bit over the odds, like you said—4-1 it was. You owe me eighty quid."

For a long moment Mr. Littlestone's mouth continued to open and shut soundlessly before speech came.



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Entertainments a la Carte

(Continued from p. 155)

respectable. "Yahnkers, I beg"—"Yahnkers it is."

This year's production of *Ruddigore* is vitalized by the new D'Oyly Carte blood. Muriel Dickson has a freshness and cunning artlessness, in voice as well as acting, that excellently suit the village maiden. Her Rose Maybud is alert enough to sharpen the flatness that sometimes enters the first act with the chorus of bridesmaids and that stays there until Richard, the Man-o'-War's Man, arrives for his Parley-voo song and hornpipe. Charles Goulding puts such verve into this dance and ballad that a demand comes for more than the one encore allowed. Martyn Green is an appealing Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd, and if the early madness of Margaret Eyre's Mad Margaret is not impressive, the respectable capers which she cuts in the lively second act—after marriage to Sydney Granville's Despard Murgatroyd—are admirably funny. Darrell Fancourt deserves a word for his awesomeness as the baronet returned from death and for his delivery of the rich "Ghosts' High Noon" lyric: "When the night wind howls in the chimney cowls and the bat in the moonlight flies . . .". This, for the rest, was the best presentation of *Ruddigore* since its post-War revival midway in the 1920's.

Iolanthe is largely a light opera for those with a musician's ear; its fairy theme inspired Sullivan into some of his most delicate moments. One of the nicest passages was overwhelmed last week by sustained applause for Henry Lytton's entrance as the highly-susceptible Chancellor, and certain other passages were dimmed by further clapping that lingered for minutes after his exits. It was a small price for a big boon. Lytton appears to have conscripted all his talent and experience into a decision to be altogether—yes, inimitable—throughout his weeks or months of farewell. His control over old and young in the Savoy audiences has seemed almost hypnotic. Praise is due to the chorus of peers for their resonant solemnity, to the Fairy Queen of Dorothy Gill for her cunning advances to Private Willis, and to Richard Watson's singing of Sentry Willis's Westminster meditations about Liberals and Conservatives.

As welcome as ever. They are doing *The Mikado* this week, and it is odds-on that the theatre will yet again overflow with enthusiasts, Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian. *The Mikado*, to many of us, is the wittiest book that Gilbert ever wrote, and the satire is of the kind which is immortal. Pooh Bah, to take only one instance, is the intimate friend of quite a number of us to-day, even of the Bright Young, and that picturesque humbug, old Koko, is in the same position. There are bundles of Kokos, and there are rows and rows of Katishas, to say nothing of Yum-Yums and Pitti Sings. The Gilbert and Sullivan repertory has never been more popular since the 'nineties. When they created *Pinafore* and *The Sorcerer* in the 1870's, Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan thrust wit and melody into what had been a dreary spell of hack-writing for the English theatre. Their popular appeal has survived that of the other bright spirits—Pinero, Wilde, Henry Arthur Jones—who soon afterwards revived the artistic fortunes of the legitimate theatre. Their works have become classics that need no revival, because the public of another century declines ever to let them go into classical storage.

ALAN BOTT.



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Air Eddies—continued from p. 168

and should studiously avoid any action likely to stimulate progress. Yet that is the attitude now adopted and now accepted tacitly as the normal. And, more remarkable still, the Government and its departments of State, not only refuse to help, but they look with disfavour—ill-concealed if concealed at all—upon anyone who does help. Governments should learn that their duties are not only negative and restrictive, but that they should also be positive and munificent.

* * *

Brooklands.

Personal and private instruction is given in special subjects now at the Brooklands School of Flying. Navigation is one of these subjects, and there can be no doubt that teaching in these circumstances, when the instructor can concentrate upon one pupil, enables rapid headway to be made. It is a system likely to prove popular with all those who want to get a thoroughly good grip of the subject but whose previous experience does not give them any grounding. A person who has never done any work with maps and map-reading, for instance, finds more difficulty in starting in his air pilotage work than the person who, in the Army or elsewhere, has already obtained a clear idea of the principles of map-making and map-reading.

* * *

Air Travelling.

Captain H. S. Robertson, manager of the Dunlop aerial exports department, found that his Puss Moth enabled him to make business calls in fourteen different countries in five weeks. He was demonstrating the brakes as well as the tyres, and his journey, which covered a total of some 4,750 miles, was entirely successful. I hear that when he arrived in Finland his aircraft was met by a woman reporter with a bouquet of roses, a suitable salute to the latest kind of traveller.

Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 170)

road wheels, that it makes gear-changing under all conditions just the matter of pushing the lever into the desired notch, and that it provides a good honest dog-clutch free-wheel which can be instantly brought into and out of action. The clutch allows the car to remain stationary with the engine idling and with any gear engaged. When the accelerator is depressed the drive is smoothly and automatically taken up. I had a short run and was much pleased with the way in which this scheme behaved. Lastly, we have the M.G. Magnette which, as might be expected, is a super-lively sports car. It boasts many features of interest, to wit, a 6-cylinder engine of under 1,100 cc. with three carburetters, a Wilson self-changing four-speed gearbox, a new and clever steering design, and a pillarless four-door saloon body of most attractive mien.

* * *

A Criticism.

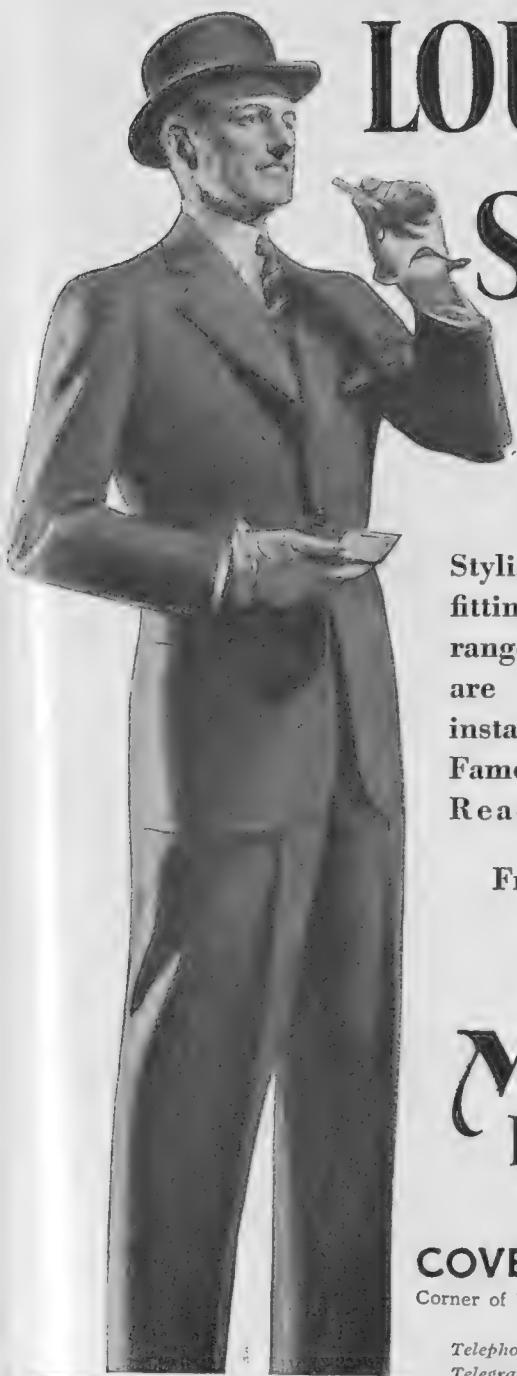
My eye may have been a trifle jaundiced when I went round this section of the Show, but I confess to a slight feeling of disappointment after a casual glance at the bespoke coach-work. Those responsible for it seem to be allowing the gap between the made-to-order job and the pure reach-me-down to get rather dangerously narrow. Except in matters of mere luxury they are often lacking in new ideas and sometimes they are positively wanting in practicability. We are a deplorably dull nation of motorists so far as colour schemes are concerned, the Show being many degrees livelier in this regard than the King's highway, but here again I thought the coach craftsmen were not very bold in initiative. Many of them still incapable of visualizing (1) that some luggage will often have to go within the car, (2) that lap, sporting, and other dogs will often be taken for joy-rides, and (3) that picnic meals will sometimes have to be consumed in a downpour of rain.



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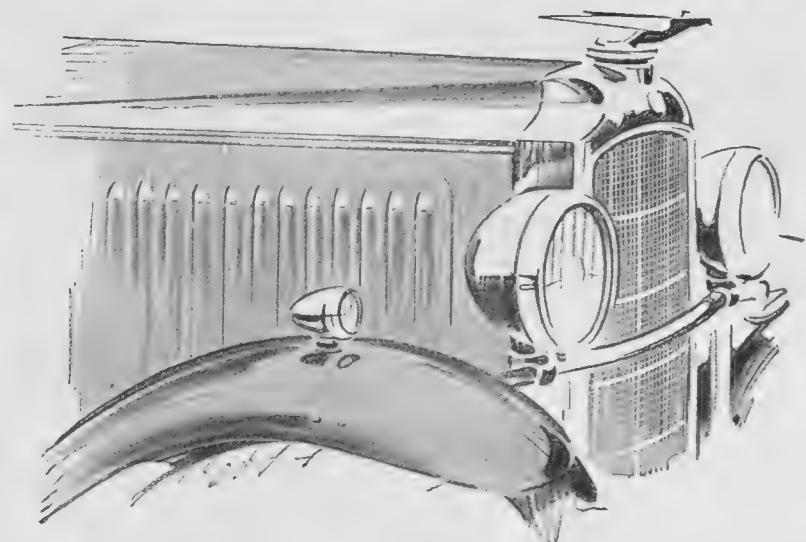
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MEN'S LONDON CLUB FOURLSOMES

The Porter's Park team, the winners, at the twentieth green. Left to right : P. C. Burton, M. Turner, A. G. Snelling, Mr. Burleson (captain), J. Grim-ditch, and J. M. Darroch, with the trophy. These tournaments are organized by "The Star," and are being played over the Stoke Poges course

WAR DISABLED MEN'S EXHIBITION, 1932

The very great success of the Exhibition of War Disabled Men's Work last year, when over £20,000 worth of exhibits were sold, is to be followed this year by a sixth exhibition. This is being organized at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, London, by Sir William Furse, K.C.B., D.S.O., Director of the Institute. It will be opened officially on Tuesday, November 8, at 11.30 by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes. Practically all the ex-Service men's organizations in the country send their goods. These include pottery, basket-ware, fancy goods, travelling

requisites, suit-cases, trunks, textiles, hosiery, woollen goods, valeting, embroidery, leather goods, dog kennels, poultry-houses, ladders, household requisites, and artificial flowers. This is the ideal centre for buying Christmas presents. There are novelties, luxuries, and useful articles at prices ranging from 1s. to £100. Not only is the variety of the goods surprising—the quality, finish, and price provoked an expression of regret from visitors last year who had not attended the exhibition in previous years. An enormous amount of organizing work goes on to encourage the disabled ex-Service man. Each one of the twenty-seven organizations to be represented this year is making it possible for the war-disabled man to achieve the dignity of earning his own living. For the first time this year the British Legion have taken a large stand in which to exhibit the work of individual craftsmen, or of very small groups, not at present organized on a co-operative basis. Sixteen famous naval, military, and police bands will perform throughout the period of the exhibition, November 8-25.

SIR HENRY LYTTON AND
MR. MARTYN GREEN

At the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company's Golf Competition played last week at the West Kent Golf Club, Chislehurst. Mr. Martyn Green is Sir Henry Lytton's successor in some of his characters, and they were drawn against one another in this golf competition

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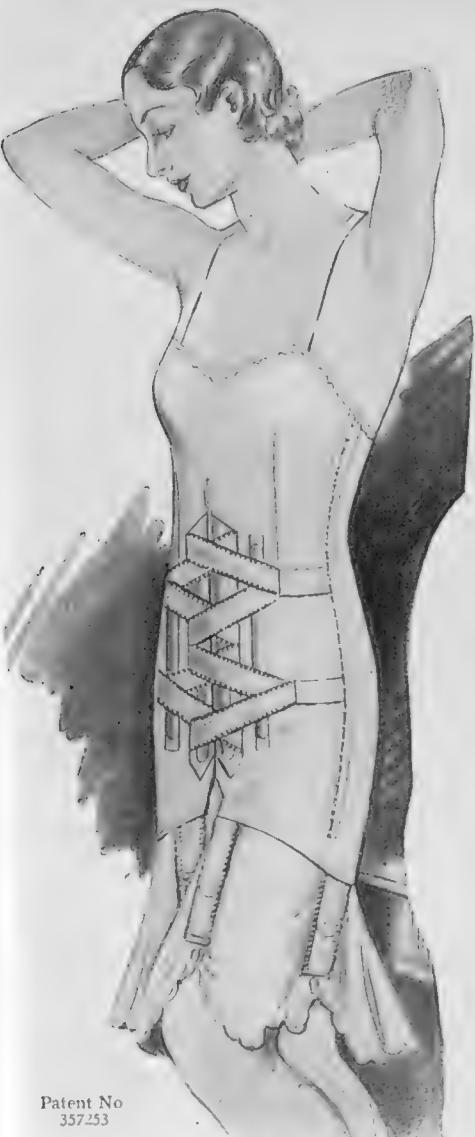
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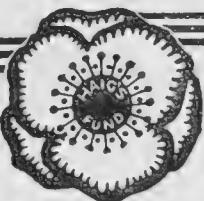
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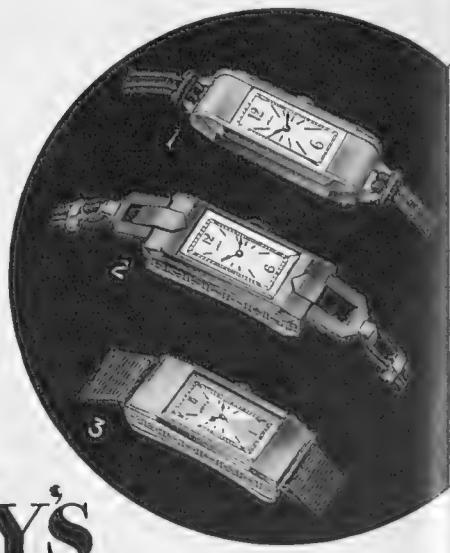
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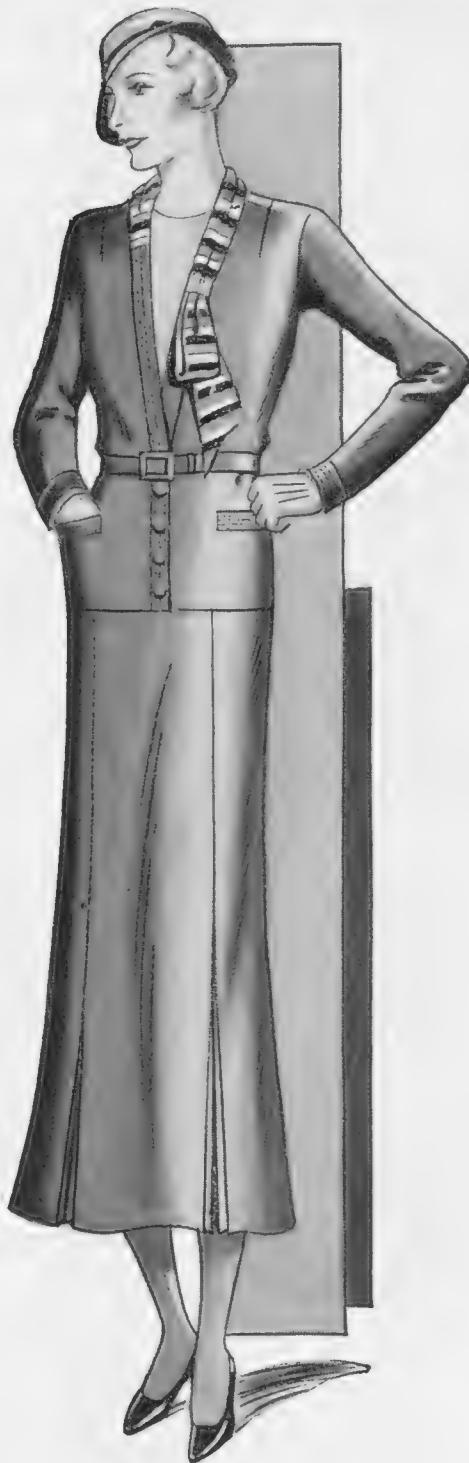
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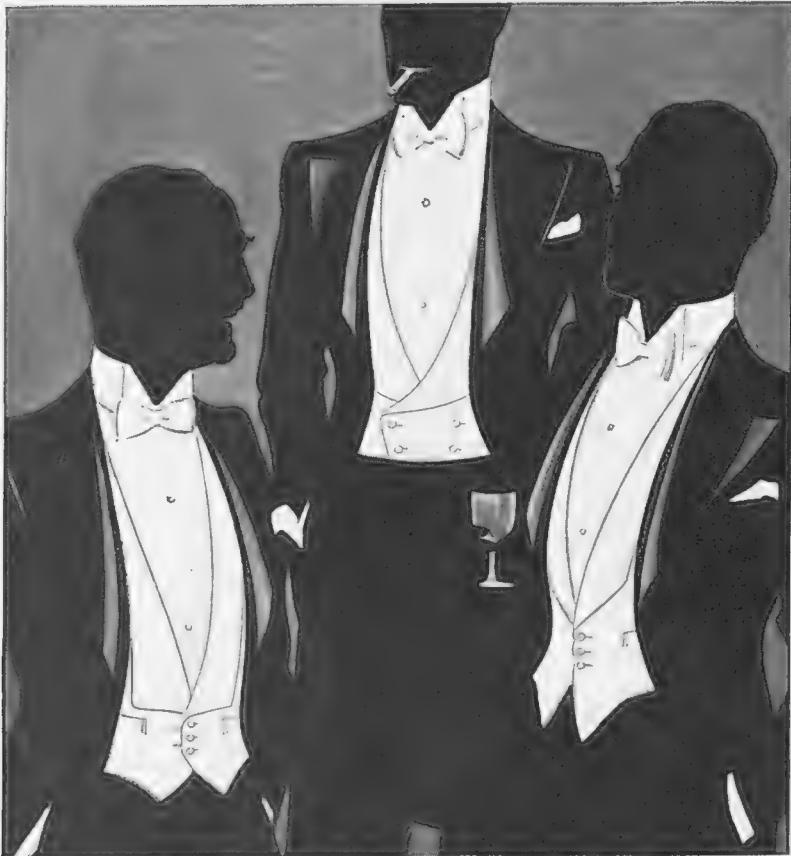
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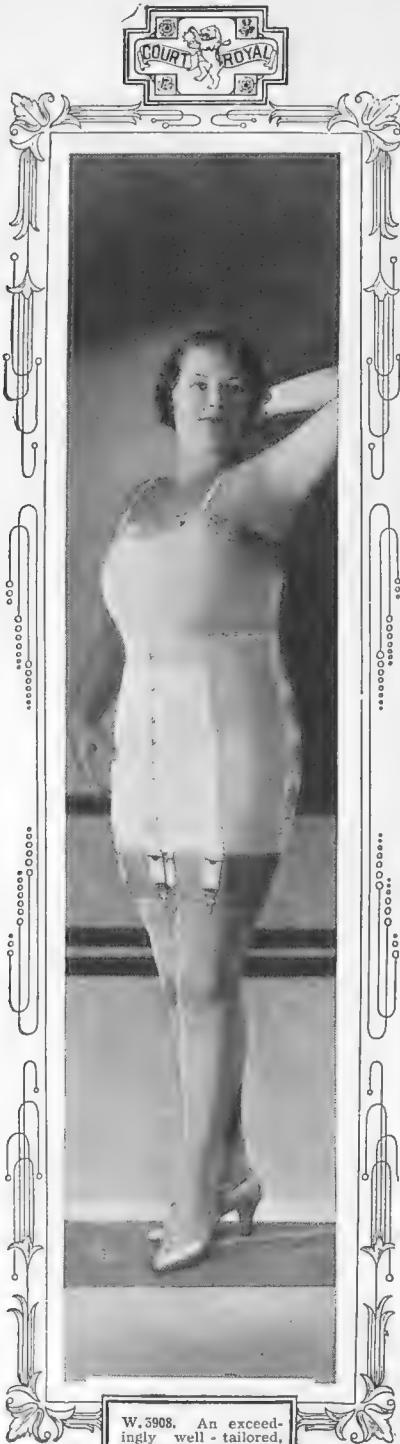
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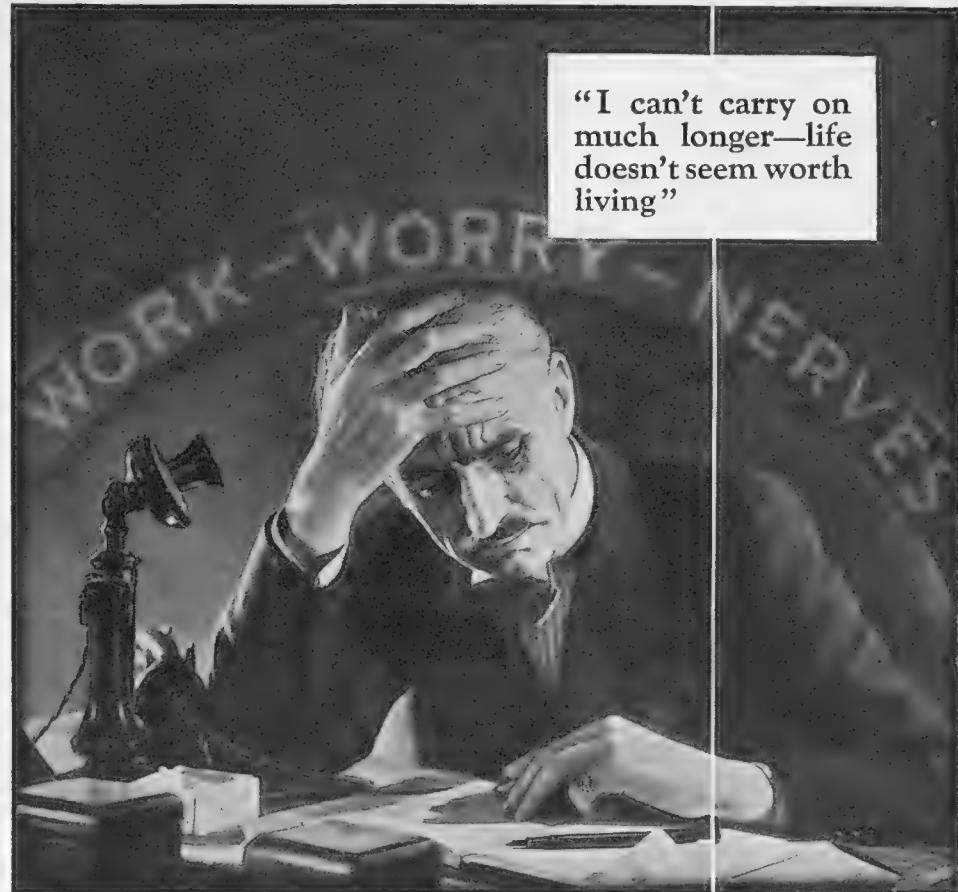
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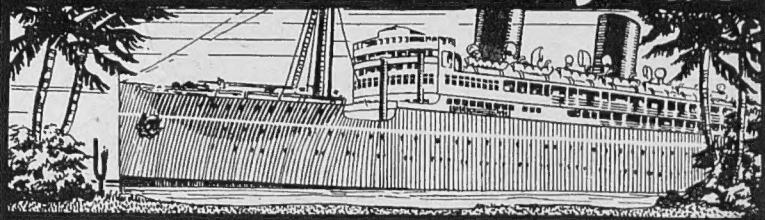


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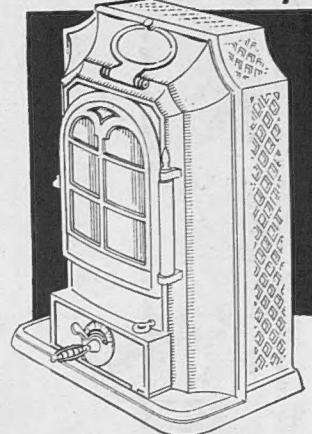
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